JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII. 1919

3D EVERY THURSDAY

AN OMINOUS SILENCE

FINAL WEEK OF DOUBLED PRIZES
see page 15

SURRENDER TERMS—A WARNING
By A.G.G.

. . . There's nothing like a GUINNESS after a hard day's work

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EXTRA WEAR from children's wear

NOWADAYS every re-made garment becomes a uniform of honour and every darn a "decoration." The only thing that really matters is to keep a child *cosily* clad. Here are some practical hints that you may be able to turn to good account.

MOTHERS CAN LEARN FROM OTHERS

It is surprising how much extra wear can be got out of children's clothes by "reinforcement" at the right places. For example:

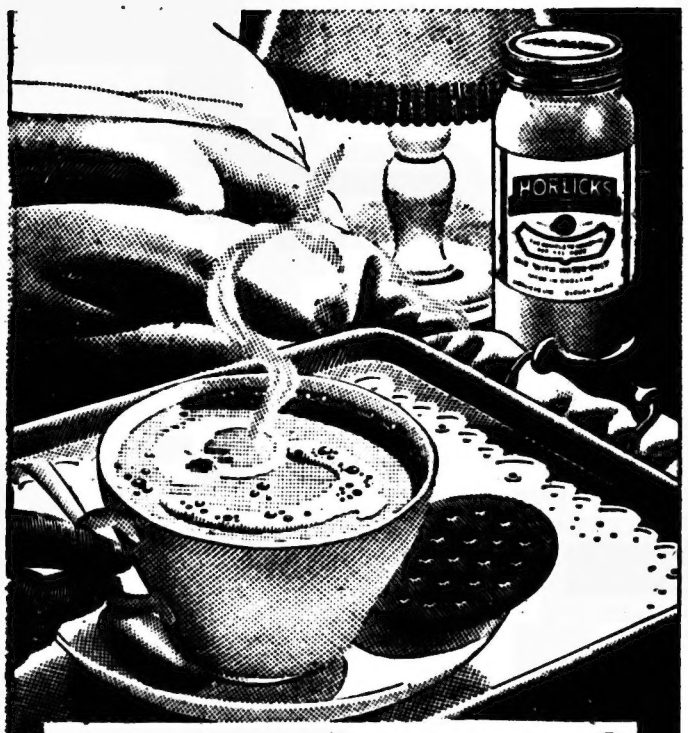
'Anchorage' for buttons A sudden tug often brings away a button and a bit of material too. This is less likely to happen if you "back" each button with a small circle of material on the wrong side of the garment, and sew well through.

Double strength for sleeves Schoolgirls' blouses and pyjama jackets usually "go" first under the arms. Put an extra "half" lining here from scrap material when making them, to provide a basis for easy mending.

New clothes from old From a man's discarded shirt, enough sound material can be salvaged to make a school blouse for a small girl. Father's old flannel trousers provide stuff for a warm little frock; use the top part for the bodice and make a gored skirt from the leg portions. Trim with contrasting collar and cuffs.

Urgent—BEWARE THE MOTH Now is the time to start your campaign against the moth grub. It's no good waiting until you see moths flying about; *it's the grub that eats your clothes.* Beat, brush and shake your clothes, especially those you haven't been wearing lately, and if possible air them out of doors.

Mend and make-do to save buying new



Mix the invalid's Horlicks with water only—the milk is already in it

It is well known that Horlicks is exceptionally valuable for invalids and convalescents who cannot take solid food.

This is particularly true at times when milk is rationed. For the correct way to make Horlicks is, and always has been, to add *water only*. The milk is already in it.

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Supplies are being distributed as evenly as possible and should be available equally for children, invalids, and those who like to drink Horlicks at bedtime.

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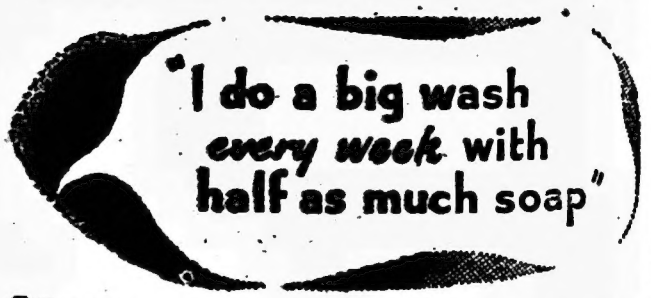

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"NOW THAT I ADD MAZO MY SOAP GOES TWICE AS FAR!"
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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 27, 1943,
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"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

WE SHALL WIN

● **The air is clearing on the whole question of Service pensions.**

Yes, even though the air went blue in the Commons this week when M.P.s of all Parties rose to attack the niggardly scales of compensation for death and disability.

For it is clear that the Government is, step by step, being forced into compliance with public demands.

There is now a note of urgency in the speeches of M.P.s who are voicing those demands. They know the nation will not tolerate much longer the hardships suffered by disabled Servicemen and the families of the war dead.

We believe the Government will not hesitate indefinitely; it will be forced to raise pension rates to an adequate level and to appoint independent tribunals before which pensions appeals can be laid.

JOHN BULL has previously said that we shall win this battle for justice. We say now that the end of the battle is within sight.

Straight from the Shoulder

GREAT CHANGES

THIS time, we shall see it through in Tunisia.

There can be no pause now until the forces of Rommel and von Arnim are utterly destroyed.

It has become a matter of the utmost urgency to uncover the "under-belly of the Axis" and thus menace the enemy from all sides, to blit open the Mediterranean and thus save shipping; and so facilitate the grand assault on Europe for which we are all impatient.

Contrasted Strength

Montgomery's terrific bombardment of the Mareth Line gave fresh proof of our superiority in artillery.

It is no less clear, from the operations now in progress, that our superiority in tanks and our mastery of the air are also being maintained.

Against us are some 140,000 well-equipped German troops. Italians bring the number up to the quarter-million figure mentioned by Mr. Churchill.

Fortresses

Our task is therefore considerable. The terrain is difficult—mountains and swamps, broken roads and lakes, soil ranging from desert sand to glue-like clay.

And the ports of Tunis and Bizerta are natural fortresses made stronger by the enemy's ingenuity during the long months of waiting.

A Bombing Query

Some people may wonder why the immense bombing power of the R.A.F. and the Americans has not been used to blast them into rubble.

Would it not have been better to have suspended the long-term policy of bombing Germany? Could not the war be shortened by directing our full strength against the Armed Forces of the enemy?

Which are the immediately important objectives—the supply bases of Tunis and Bizerta, columns of enemy tanks on the move—or Berlin and Danzig?

Lessons Learnt!

Whatever the answers, there can be no doubt of the imperative need to clean up Tunisia and begin the attack on Occupied Europe.

The difficulties of preparing a European Front are plain enough; most of us know, for example, that every division of troops requires 520 tons of supplies every day.

Our preparations must be near completion. We have the right to hope that we have learned the lessons of Dieppe.

Time to Move

What of the enemy? He is training new armies.

Slave labour from all the Occupied Countries is releasing every fit German for the coming clash.

Composed mainly of the "combings" of the factories, these legions will be ready at the end of April.

Meanwhile, the best of the German army is tied down in a desperate counter-offensive against the Russians.

Hard Knock

There is no doubt that our Allies have had a grim and costly ordeal in the Kharkov sector, however cheering their progress further north.

Once again the world has been reminded of the still mighty punch of the German military machine, now controlled by the German generals instead of the German Fuehrer.

And once again, fortunately, we have seen that even where our Allies are inferior in arms they are superior in tactics.

Waiting for Us

The Russians will hold. There's no doubt of that. But naturally they expect an Anglo-American landing in the West. The resistance of the French partisans is another call to us.

Delaying Action

Moreover, we must beware of giving the enemy time to disrupt our plans.

A direct attack on this country would be suicidal to most of the enemy forces engaged. But it might well delay our offensive.

Thus, our defence of Crete postponed the German invasion of Russia. Rommel's counter-attacks tore up our time schedule in the Middle East. Tunisia is another case in point—so is the new Japanese attack in Burma.

Raids Again!

The enemy may indeed judge it too costly to attempt any large-scale diversionary action against Britain.

But, at the very least, we may expect him to resume heavy air attacks on our cities.

These would be welcomed by our Military Command — especially by the R.A.F. and A.A. defence units.

Three Changes

Plainly, the enemy must take some action to counteract the great changes in the war situation.

Those changes are three-fold.

The first is our military plans—the preparation for the invasion of Europe.

New Weapons

But here one question arises. Is the War Office fully awake to the importance of *new* types of weapons—and is it ready to use them in sufficiently large quantities?

Remember how, in the last war, the great "surprise value" of the tank was thrown away because only a few tanks were used at first.

No doubt we have some surprises up our sleeves for the attack on Europe. We must hope they will be employed on a vast scale.

Production Switch

The second great change is the complete switch of our war production from the defensive to the offensive.

This new phase brings new inconveniences to labour. Men and women are being transferred from one job to another, from one factory to another, from one town to another.

They are reacting well to this violent upset in their domestic life. They understand that it is necessary in time of war.

Finish the Job!

It is necessary because certain types of work have been completed. Factories and aerodromes have been finished; we have reached saturation-point in the long but essential task of *preparing* to win the war.

We cannot enter into details for security reasons. Suffice it that we have the tools to finish the job.

Be Vigilant

None the less, vigilance is still needed so that both complacency and stagnation are avoided.

The Ministers of Supply and Aircraft Production, the controllers of our shipyards, must look forward to the next phase of the struggle and anticipate its tremendous requirements.

French Unity

The third great change is in the political developments of the last few weeks.

Mr. Churchill's restrained statement, echoed and reinforced in Washington, the declarations of Giraud and De Gaulle, the politely described "resignations" of Vichy supporters in North Africa, offer a real hope of French unity.

Eden in Washington

Mr. Eden's talks in Washington may well tend towards unity between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A.

In the same city, at the same time, there have been important conferences on a military problem—the U-boat menace

U-Boat Losses

Both subjects are vitally urgent.

However many U-boats we have sunk, we must presume that new production has outweighed their losses. We must reckon, moreover, that the calmer weather of Spring will increase their activities and our own losses.

Cutting the Time-Lag

There should be no delay in applying the decisions reached at the conference; no delay, either, in acting on the after-war discussions of Mr. Eden and President Roosevelt.

In both matters the best scientific brains of the United Nations must be enlisted. To beat the U-boat, to plan the peace, are tasks for scientists as well as politicians.

The Basis

Political proposals for the peace would be time-wasting fantasies without an economic framework on which they could be based.

This war (to mention one aspect of it) has seen an almost incredible expansion of machinery. The world's productive capacity has become stupendous.

Abundance

Well, this vast productive capacity must be made available for peaceful needs. We have simply got to plan for abundance instead of scarcity.

Politicians will dare no longer to think of one country as poor and another as rich.

Heedless of frontiers, they will have to plan a general distribution of the riches offered them by Nature and by Man.

Keeping Time

To postpone such an economic revolution would be as impossible as to ask the globe to stand still in space.

The nearer we approach the war's climax, the greater becomes the need to prepare for peace. Failure to do so might well prove as disastrous as the war itself.

We cannot halt the hands of the clock; our task is to keep up with them.

(Continued overleaf)

"A DESPERATE THROW BY HITLER MAY YET INFLICT ON US TRIALS AT LEAST EQUAL TO THOSE OF THE RECENT PAST"—

Lord Rosebery, Regional Commissioner for Scotland.

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Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WISEST words of the week come from the Mayor of Brighton. Maybe it's because he is an old soldier—Captain B. D. Briant.

He has struck the right note in telling his fellow-mayors of the South Coast to "stop moaning and groaning"—and his injunction has a wider application.

Self First

We shan't achieve real social justice after this war if all sorts of people agitate for their own interests and "let the other fellow go hang."

But that is what is already happening.

Badly Hit

The Sussex mayors provide a case in point. They are naturally worried by the falling-off in seaside business. They ask for "early Government aid" towards the recovery of peace time business.

Certainly many seaside landladies and traders have been badly hit. JOHN BULL has urged a revision of rates to ease their plight.

But they are not the only people to be impoverished by war.

Worse and Worse

What about the people who have lost both home and business in London, Coventry, Bristol and elsewhere?

What of the widows and young children of our dead fighting men? What of the maimed and the blinded?

Who should have first claim on the nation's coffers?

Fair Sharing

JOHN BULL argues that all war victims—not just this group or that—should be considered. So for trading interests to press their claim now is hardly fair to those who cannot yet make their voices heard—the men fighting for us on land, sea and in the air, or for the men and women toiling silently in war factories.

Preparing for Peace

That is why we flush with anger against the powerful interests that are making sure of "sitting pretty" when the war ends. Such as some shipowners.

Such as the firm which, we are told, is laying up huge stocks of rivets in order to get a flying start over its competitors when the rebuilding of Britain becomes possible. We don't suppose it is unique.

What a Hope!

We are no less impatient with the Diehards who hope to "queer the pitch" for progressive-minded folk before the country can return to Party politics.

One bright suggestion is that ordinary people should be allowed to vote only at local council elections; only local councillors would be allowed to vote for M.P.s—thus making a Conservative Government certain and safe!

For War Workers

Hornsey's local traders have the right idea. They are arranging special shopping facilities for war workers, with a fair share of foodstuffs in short supply.

Pity is that so just an arrangement makes news; it should be made so general that the absence of it in any district would warrant a dishonourable mention.

Depriving the Sick

Less milk for a child because it is sick—that's both general and dishonourable.

Children with scarlet fever get an extra pint of milk each day for a week. They lose their school ration of one-third of a pint per day for a month.

Unhealthy

Their brothers and sisters must stay away from school—cooped up at home while mother does the nursing.

An unnatural and unhealthy life. Moreover, they lose their school milk without getting any extra at home.

According to Rule

Worst feature is that the doctor doesn't decide what milk an invalid requires. He has to allot it according to a scale fixed by Civil Servants.

Anxiously he sounds a child's chest, fearing maybe that tuberculosis or something almost as bad will develop. But he can't award a thimbleful of milk to ward such diseases off.

Good for Trade!

Many shops do not accept clothing coupons issued to officers without proof that the people tendering them are the officers concerned.

Others do—even when the coupons are proffered by women—and thus steal an unfair trading advantage.

● The Army doesn't want cannon-fodder. It needs fit men who can be trained into first-class fighters.

But some civilian doctors still seem willing to burden it with men who are potential liabilities.

A reader's son has had tuberculosis, three bouts of pneumonia, and a thirty-nine weeks' spell of rheumatic fever. Yet he has been passed as Grade I for military service by a civilian panel!

This outrageous decision must not be allowed to remain unchallenged.

Inglorious Burst

Some women relatives of officers are therefore able to have an inglorious bout of spending.

One West End trader tells us of a woman who ordered a complete wardrobe, put down 200 clothing coupons, and said: "You may find a score or so more than you want, but you can keep the balance. I'm not short of the things."

Which should infuriate less lucky women!

He Flew

A JOHN BULL man happened to be in the War Office when a keen-looking sergeant arrived from North Africa.

While with the Eighth Army, and quite off his own bat, he had discovered something useful about Rommel's methods. The War Office was told—and ordered that he should be rushed home by aeroplane to explain personally.

We put it on record that Bigwigs here treated him as if he were Montgomery himself.

Going Slow

But it's a pity the War Office hasn't the power to introduce a little hustling into the Indian postal system.

Cable from Britain to a soldier there takes about a week to reach India. Then it will knock around the country for three weeks or so before reaching his unit.

Not English

A Fleet Air Arm gunner was recommended for a commission in the Navy. But the Admiralty selection board turned him down because of the way he spoke.

Evidently a Glasgow accent lacks the "officer-like quality," don't you know!

Water on the Brain

We rather doubt if anyone could teach anything to whichever watery-brained official authorised a static water tank to be built over a shelter in a London suburb.

Two of our own staff were drowned by flooding in the London "blitz." We hope no one else will be similarly trapped.

Ready to Burn

About as bad is a large public shelter in a provincial city. Stacked near the entrance are barrels of tar—and the only emergency exit is an iron ladder leading to a trap-door.

Danger—Gas

Maybe the authorities concerned don't expect any more heavy raids—though we do. Certainly some of them don't seem very worried by the prospect of gas warfare.

So mothers living near Leeds, wanting gas-masks for their children, just can't get them.

By the Hundred

But you can still get petrol to go to a football match—providing it is official petrol.

Two or three hundred lorries recently conveyed Polish soldiers to a football match in Edinburgh. It is said that the comments of onlookers "would have made someone's ears ring." Our own comment would be pretty fierce—if we could spare the paper.

Seven Times Dearer

Fierce profiteering continues. A reader bought a pound of birdseed for 21s. Emptying the bag, he found it had been turned inside out to hide the original price—3s.

Nothing is too small to provide some traders with easy money.

Don't Buy

Quite a lot of "kosher" poultry which should be sold at 2s. 2d. lb. untrussed or 3s. 2d. trussed is fetching from 5s. to 8s. lb. in London's East End.

"Can I, a Serviceman's wife, pay such an imposition if I wish to supplement my meat ration?" a reader asks us.

We're tired of pointing out that half the fault lies with the people who are willing to pay illegal prices. But food inspectors should get busy with the other half represented by the get-rich-quick shopkeeper.

It Takes Time

A grocer reader, buying a case of tinned peas, found that one can was bad and returned it to the wholesalers.

Back came a letter telling him he should have called in the sanitary inspector to condemn the tin, then sent the condemnation certificate to them, whereupon he would have been credited for the tin.

So, you see, officialdom has not monopoly of red tape methods. It's easier to spot official follies, that's all.

Revolution!

But Lord Londonderry misses the point when he attacks official control. If we are going to avoid mass unemployment and misery after the war some sort of control must continue.

Lord Londonderry doesn't like the idea. He says that if we are to be "told by some small bureaucrat what we have to do, there will be revolution."

There will be a greater chance of revolution if Big Business is allowed to do exactly as it likes!

Freedom of Expression

Here's a minor revolution: Defending a letter written by his son, Captain Randolph Churchill, M.P., the Prime Minister has laid it down that Service men are at liberty to write to the Press on political affairs.

Yes—and greater expression of their views might bring a little fresh air into some stuffy political offices that often seem smugly remote from the Army camp and the war factory.

Aid for Belgium

That celebrated Belgian writer, M. Emile Cammaerts, disagrees with JOHN BULL's views on the question of food relief for his starving compatriots.

He argues that the food would be transported by neutral ships, and he believes it would really reach the victims. But we still feel that the most effective form of help lies in a speedy opening of the Second Front.

Behind the News

● **So many Austrians are joining guerillas in Bosnia, Yugoslavia, that Nazis are now publishing frightening accounts of the military measures taken against them.**

● *Von Rundstedt, Hitler's Second Front general in France, has been given full political power as German Resident-General. On his request, all Nazi officials have been withdrawn.*

● Disagreement between military and civilian authorities over allocation of German man-power is causing trouble for Labour Boss Saukel. Military may demand his removal from office.

● **Following his failure to obtain advance news of Mr. Churchill's visit to Turkey, Von Papen is sacrificing his most faithful collaborators to save his own skin.**

● *In Essen, priority of evacuation is given for valuable machinery over people—to save what remains of priceless precision instrument sections.*

● **Two Hungarian factories have declined Nazi orders for aeroplanes because workmen refuse to handle German specifications.**

● **Average age of German troops keeping order in Rumania is under twenty—boys conscripted from labour camps.**

● *More than* **10,000** *members of the Dutch Nazi Party have resigned for various excuses. Fear of German defeat?*

● To tempt slave labour to greater output, Germans are offering a butter ration for "good work."

● **Arrangements are now complete for co-operation of French warships at Alexandria with the Allies.**

AN OMINOUS SILENCE

IF this country means to house its people decently after the war is over, the State must have greater control over the land than it has ever had yet.

Otherwise, private ownership will certainly sabotage public planning.

The Uthwatt Committee foresaw this danger, and if its recommendations were adopted by Parliament they would provide against it.

But they have not been adopted, and JOHN BULL accuses the Government in plain terms of shelving the Committee's vital Report, published last September.

We make no apology for returning to "Home Problem No. 1," which we raised as a matter of urgency three weeks ago.

For it becomes more urgent with every passing week, and pretty speeches are no substitute for decisive action.

Nor is a Ministry of Town and Country Planning of the slightest use unless the Government takes the powers necessary to implement the plans.

The fundamental importance of the Uthwatt Report is no less than that of the Beveridge Plan. Indeed, the principles involved in both interlock. Their acceptance is essential to social security in our time.

Beveridge has been whittled down. And even with regard to what has been accepted, in principle, we still await the decision whether the machinery will be set in motion soon, or whether action will be deferred until the war is ended.

Now the Government preserves an ominous silence about the Uthwatt proposals.

Not so the £1,000,000,000 National Federation of Property Owners.

This immense vested interest is attacking these proposals vociferously.

It says they would "produce serious political controversy"!

WE have yet to hear of any reform which has *not* produced controversy and which has *not* been resisted by some selfish minority.

In this instance the Property Owners have shown their hand too plainly.

They complain that if the Uthwatt proposals were given statutory effect they would :

"(1) *Seriously reduce the value of property and land.*

"(2) *Prove a deterrent to individual thrift and enterprise.*

"(3) **Be prejudicial to private enterprise and building operations.**"

The old nigger in the woodpile shows up all too plainly in No. 3.

"Private enterprise" is often only another term for profit-snatching from the community.

In any case the Uthwatt Report seeks to protect the public; *not* to penalise the property owners.

If it were adopted, it would :

(1) *Stabilise the value of property and land at a fair price, but prevent greedy speculation.*

(2) *Encourage both public and private enterprise in the national interest. And—*

(3) *Secure to the State the enhanced values which result from the development of property and which have hitherto brought nothing but "unearned increment" to private pockets.*

The Uthwatt Committee was set up nearly two years ago. Four men, advised by forty-six public bodies, spent eighteen months inquiring into the problems of compensation and control.

They went through the whole history of land purchase and development. They threaded the maze of property law from start to finish.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By THE EDITOR

And they came to the conclusion that "the planning system so far evolved, *handicapped as it is by the absence of central positive direction,* is inadequate to secure the best social use of the land."

We all knew that. We have seen the profiteers and speculators at work for generations.

And if we do not stop them *now* the sharks will again swallow our hope of reconstruction.

What, then, did the Committee recommend to avert this obvious menace?

At the risk of over-simplification—for the Uthwatt proposals were *necessarily* technical and, to that extent, complicated—we will summarise the general plan as follows :

(1) The State is advised to take over at once the rights of development in all land outside built-up areas.

Fair compensation would be paid to the owners. This, it is suggested, would be based upon valuation immediately prior to the war, but the datum line need not necessarily be fixed at September, 1939.

(2) *The State is advised to prohibit the development of land—for building purposes and so forth—except with its own approval.*

(3) *The State is further urged to take compulsory powers to buy whatever land may be wanted for public purposes or for approved private development.*

Quite simply, if the Uthwatt Committee's recommendations go through, landlords will no longer be allowed to make money merely because new towns may be built on, or old ones extend over, their property.

All land just outside expanding urban areas, subject to certain equitable exceptions, could be taken over by the State on payment of fair compensation.

And districts not already covered by planning schemes could immediately be made subject to such schemes.

Furthermore, the State should secure itself the power to buy all war-damaged, slum and obsolete properties in urban areas on the same basis of fair valuation at a fixed date.

This is highly important, for very large urban areas, teeming with population, have been laid waste by enemy air raids, or were, even before the war, in need of total rebuilding and replanning.

And never will there be a better chance to abolish slums than now, when so many have been partially destroyed and so many others rendered not only "unfit" but practically incapable of human habitation.

The Uthwatt Report, be it added, does not seek to do away with the enterprise of local authorities.

Under central control, it suggests, these authorities should be empowered to acquire land in advance of local needs to provide accommodation for displaced people.

In London alone it is estimated that there are nearly 10,000 acres which need to be redeveloped because of narrow streets, slums, or utterly obsolete planning.

Outside the built-up areas similar powers of compulsory purchase are essential to any effective national building programme.

FAR from any vested interest having the slightest ground for paring down the Uthwatt proposals, they represent the bare foundation for town and country planning in this country. Without them we must revert to the chaos of unrestricted "private enterprise" and profit-snatching.

Mr. Bevin and Lord Portal are planning now to provide an adequate building army for the immediate post-war period.

And, for all we know to the contrary, the new Ministry of Town and Country Planning has some gorgeous programme up its brand-new sleeve.

BUT the Government has not yet dared to take the powers by which alone it can make its dreams come true. It has not yet met the property owners in fair battle and vanquished them.

It has given the Uthwatt Report its verbal, non-committal blessing, but it has not translated the Report's concrete proposals into hard-and-fast legislation.

We urge it to do so without further delay. We implore it to convince the country that it means to put its good intentions into practice.

Our Underground Movement

THERE are growing signs that the pro-Fascist movement in this country seeks to poke its traitorous head out of its underground retirement.

The defacement of the Lenin memorial and still more recent tarring of Mr. Churchill's photograph at the "Russia at War" exhibition are just two manifestations of many.

* * *

Flash signs have reappeared on walls and garden gates.

"Britain's war should be fought at home" is typical of messages written in underground trains.

Bishopsgate (London) has been plastered with "Down With Russia" slogans.

The E.W.S. initials on street tanks of the Emergency Water Supply have been built up into Julius Streicher jew-baitings.

Notices have been pushed through the doors of pro-Soviet organisations ordering: "Close these premises or they will be wrecked."

Circulars praising Hitler—and signed "Deputy Leader"—have been sent through the post.

There have been other evidences that a Fascist printing press is at work, probably in the East End of London—not a small hand-machine, either.

And rumours of obvious Fifth-Columnist origin circulate everywhere—confirming the statement by Sir John Anderson, at the time pro-Nazi organisations were being dissolved, that members had been ordered to become rumour-mongers.

* * *

And it has been noticed that many of these rumours have had the freest circulation in air raid shelters.

Then a number of Fascist-minded people who temporarily became diffident about expressing their views have been finding confidence from somewhere.

Swaffer has sent on to the Home Secretary a local newspaper giving an interview with such a person, who says, among other things:

"Hitler was justified in occupying Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Holland, Belgium, Norway, Russia.

"It is a myth that Russia has fought better than in the last war.

"The war should be ended as soon as possible by making peace with Hitler. Mosley and his friends should be let out of prison."

* * *

Altogether, the authorities cannot be unaware that for some reason—perhaps because Fascist so-called ideology is now in need of every ounce of help from its friends—those friends are now reappearing from their hide-outs.

The trend doesn't, in our opinion, call for any hasty panic move, such as large-scale internment.

But it does definitely call for increased vigilance on the part of all concerned with security—and for speedy and decisive action.

OPEN LETTERS

Air Chief-Marshal Sir CHARLES PORTAL, Chief of Air Staff since 1940

DEAR SIR,—Take the salute of the people of Britain.

The R.A.F.'s twenty-fifth birthday next week will inspire, I have no doubt, congratulations from kings and presidents, ministers and commanders of many lands.

But none will be more fervent and admiring than the simple phrase, "Well done—and good luck," which the ordinary men and women of our own country would choose to express their feelings.

Next week will indeed revive the past for us all—the past three years of astonishing achievement.

The Battle of Britain. The blue skies of Southern Britain embossed with the twisting vapour trails of aircraft fighting to the death.

A hot, breathless August. A fierce September—185 enemy machines destroyed in one day.

The end of the battle. The end of the threat of immediate invasion. A greater victory than Drake secured against the Armada—for by this victory more than Britain was saved.

"Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

The first year of war. Over and around the coasts of Britain, 383 British machines lost, but 1,549 of the enemy.

Second year. British losses, 501. Enemy losses, 2,080.

Third year. British losses, seven. Enemy losses, 286.

The Middle East. Second year losses: 360 British, 1,040 enemy. Third year losses: 1,114 British, 1,417 enemy.

The great bombing offensive. One thousand bombers over Cologne. More than 600 acres of war factories destroyed. In Essen, 450 acres. Dusseldorf, 380 acres—and so on.

Yet last year nearly all our light and medium bombers were sent to the Middle East and Russia.

Bomber Command ended the year with less than 10 per cent. more 'planes than in the previous year.

For all that, a year of growing and terrific attack on targets in Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, Norway—and Milan, Turin, Genoa.

In Germany alone, more than 2,000 factories were put out of action. More than 1,000,000 people rendered homeless.

In two years, 1,250,000 tons of enemy shipping have been sunk or crippled. In January and February of this year alone seventy-five enemy ships were bombed in the Mediterranean. In the Occupied Countries, 100 railway engines will never again carry supplies for Hitler's armies.

And behind these impressive figures are countless stories of endurance and high courage, true stories never surpassed in military annals.

You should be a proud man, Sir Charles.

Proud to be the Service chief of all air crews, ground crews, and the great numbers of men who work in obscurity on supply and administrative duties.

Proud to be at the head of a great force which will be one of the most effective weapons in the critical operations soon to begin, and which has already excited the respect and fear of our enemies.

To you and all of the R.A.F.: "Well done—and good luck!"—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—I have been talking to housewives—women in the forties—who have been called up for part-time war work.

All speak of the fairness and care with which your women interviewers considered their cases and posted them to jobs.

But all are puzzled.

They see so many young women in the big shops, selling perfumery and jewellery and other non-essentials. Indeed, they see plenty of young women in local food offices—yes, and your own employment exchanges.

They cannot understand why the younger women should not be called on for factory work—rather than middle-aged women who are surely more suited for part-time office work.

I've often wondered myself. Is there an explanation?—JOHN BULL.

Rev. LOUIS A. EWART, Earl's Barton, Northampton

DEAR VICAR,—"God knows we have seen enough black days to welcome a little sunshine," as you say. "But——"

It's a big "but."

To quote you again: "The greatest mistake any nation can make is to underestimate the enemy's strength, and this is a mistake we have made consistently ever since the war commenced.

"Hitler has missed the 'bus. Hitler is short of oil. The German people can't stand up to air raids like the British. German morale is weakening. . . ."

Yes, and we go on thinking wistfully.

Your unconventional sermon (inspired by an article of mine) should provide a subject for other clerical readers.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir A. RAE DUNCAN, M.P., Minister of Supply

DEAR SIR,—It should be evident to all that a Western Front will make tremendous demands on our shipping. It is equally clear that everyone, both in the home and at work, can help to lessen the strain and thereby increase the aid given to our troops.

As you put it, there are two simple and effective ways to help: "We can all lessen waste so that the national stocks may be conserved, and we can all salvage the unavoidable waste so that the national stocks can to that extent be replenished within our own resources."

I think you can count on my readers to do their share.—JOHN BULL.

NO LOVELIER THING IN ALL MANKIND

ARGUE IT OUT

★

By PALLAS

MAN'S inhumanity to man to-day makes millions mourn.

The soul of man is bruised and battered. His mind is dazed and bemused by the horror that is ever mounting in the stricken countries of the world.

★ ★ ★

And, maybe, he is tempted to yield to an ineffable weariness of spirit and shut out from the orbit of his mind all thought of the beastliness which encompasses the persecuted and conquered peoples.

I suppose that the burden would be intolerable were it not for the high purpose and steadfast courage of our people.

For ever in the minds of those who sweat and toil and suffer and fight is the distant vision of a shining land before whose ramparts the giants of want and misery and squalor are kept at bay.

That vision strengthens the faltering spirit, lends new energy to the weary and inspires all who believe in the bright destiny of mankind.

To-day, more than ever, it is necessary to bear that in mind.

The paraphrase of Burns's immortal couplet recalls that those two lines are often quoted, but the lines that precede them forgotten:

"And Man whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn."

For even to-day in a world torn by savagery and mass murder the smiles of love illumine the lives of some men.

★ ★ ★

Such a man was Harold James Suggars, who died a few days ago from X-ray dermatitis. He was the last survivor of four London Hospital X-ray pioneers, all of whom sacrificed their lives in the cause of suffering humanity.

He suffered agony, underwent operations. He could not enjoy the sunshine because it aggravated his complaint.

But he didn't whine. All he said in his pain-ridden, declining years was: "I am contented with a life in the shadows."

Here was true nobility, the humanity to man which offsets the cruelty and injustice and persecution with which man torments his fellow.

★ ★ ★

I have often pondered the inscrutable way of Life—its seemingly stupid paradoxes, its way of giving with one hand and taking away with the other.

So, in the midst of a war which in horror and humiliation and wanton destruction outbloodies every blood-stained page in history, we can still pause to dwell on the sacrifice of Harold Suggars, and the fact that for thirty-five years he faced, in full knowledge of death, the rays which heal sick people and ease their pain.

There can be no greater love. And there can be no lovelier thing than the smile of love which transfigures the face of the man who suffers martyrdom for his fellows.

★ ★ ★

The smile of Love is the saving grace of our ill-balanced and ill-equipped species. It gives a new meaning to Life.

It puts man on a spiritual plane. It exalts his saintliness and lifts him from the squalor and filth where he is sometimes content to wallow.

The heroism of the Suggars of this world transcends in beauty and serenity the bravest deeds of battle. It is the ultimate heroism beyond which man's courage cannot go.

And, in these dark days, it comforts and restores faith in man's ability to clamber from that mire of material stupidity which keeps him earthbound.

The Man Who Got Back from Germany

★ Here is one of the greatest untold stories of the war, of a captured British seaman dead bent on escape, who never stopped trying—and got through

THEY COULDN'T BE HELD.—3. By MARK PRIESTLEY

HIS name is Ernest Shackleton. A grand name for heroes. A name that made him the lucky mascot of his ship that time she sank a U-boat by gunfire—of his tanker when two aerial torpedoes dropped plumb on her foredeck . . . and skidded off harmlessly.

But the odds were too heavy next trip when Bo'sun Shackleton's little ship met the *Gneisenau*.

The Nazi battleship was then in her grim raiding heyday. One of her 11-inchers blew open the tanker's boilers. A second wrecked the radio room. A third carried away the 4.7 gun, a fourth wrecked the windlass. . . .

At a secret rendezvous amid the weed-trails of the Sargasso Seas ten days later—but not before a parting shot from a sinking tanker had smashed her No. 4 gun turret and killed a score of the gun crew—the *Gneisenau* met the prison ships *Ermland* and *Altmark* to discharge her captives.

"Smiler" Shackleton was turned off the queue filing into the *Altmark*.

Some of the men rescued from the "Altmark." Shackleton missed being with them by a fraction

Hatching Escape Plan

Weeks later, when the gallant rescue of *Altmark's* prisoners was thrilling the world, he was still on the *Ermland*—hatching his first escape plan.

Twice his schemes were chipped on the head before, indomitable, he struck "third time lucky." Three times after that he failed to get back to Britain and thrice was recaptured.

And still, through nine breathless months of adventure, his dream of freedom never once faltered.

Aboard the *Ermland*, he managed to make two brass keys. One fitted the small-arms locker. The other unlocked the door to the main part of the ship.

"Smiler" had worked out that there was only one Nazi aboard to every two prisoners. His scheme was nothing less than armed mutiny.

One hundred rounds of ammunition and twelve Lugers had been smuggled through from the locker into their quarters. The rising was imminent. Suddenly, at another tryst with the ocean raiders, a search was held.

With seconds to spare, the arsenal had to be chucked overboard.

"Smiler" grinned and bore it. At his first prison camp in Occupied France, he tried a second time.

Night by night he waited for the double pal, he perfected his arrangements when Fate intervened. The 1,300 prisoners were sent off to Hamburg.

During the long days in box-cars, "Smiler" schemed his successful break-away.

He'd noticed the eight guards generally sat down around the box-cars, where they couldn't see all the prisoners. Noticed, too, that the sweating sergeants in charge sometimes took off their steel helmets. . . .

Fate Intervened

Night by night he waited for the double circumstance that might yet mean freedom.

They were somewhere in Germany when it happened. None of the guards was looking and the sergeant, near the door, took off his helmet.

Shackleton slugged him with his only weapon—a two-pound bully-beef tin.

Four men leapt for freedom as the sergeant slumped forward. They tore the cheap lock from the door—jumped—and hid, the way they had planned, 100 ft. apart in the brush.

Dawn came—and brought a shock.

They were hiding in the shooting butts in the heart of a German army camp.

Inch by inch, under the unseeing eyes of the sentries, they backed away to the boundaries. There they stayed, all that day, deciding they'd be safer there than anywhere else.

After dark, travelling by the stars, they made for the frontier. They fed on the crumbs of hoarded food in their pockets. They drank from the ditches.

Two nights later they reached a deep, broad river—frontier of occupied territory. Downstream a bridge loomed invitingly.

"We can swim across in the deeper shadows beneath it," said one of Shackleton's pals, a hard-bitten seadog whom we'll call Smithy.

So had others decided before them. Shackleton and his buddies did not know each arch was a death-trap of lurking sentries. Nor had the others.

Without warning shots rang out—and a babel of shouts as the Nazi guards on the bank ran hither and thither.

"I've shot a damned Englander!" Shackleton heard one of them yelling.

Smithy and he froze in the rushes. A tense silence followed. Then another shot cracked.

"And that's the other!" laughed one of the "Jerries."

Grazed by Bullets

Shackleton never knew till long after that one of the luckless first pair across had been merely grazed by the bullets. With Smithy he gradually moved farther downstream and drifted across with the current. . .

Weeks later, sometimes after starving for days, they crossed the border into Vichy France. Then they slept the clock round.

But now came a long chain of hazards. They found it easy to get into Marseilles—and hell to get out of. Every exit was watched by ambitious French policemen.

Knowing he needed hard cash, Shackleton spent perilous weeks working for it. Then he invested his savings in chartering a launch, hoping to get past the twelve-mile limit and perhaps be picked up by a friendly ship.

The owner of the launch double-crossed them. They were only six miles out when the petrol failed. They had to be towed back by a fishing-ship.

But "Smiler" kept smiling.

Twice they tried the long route to the Pyrenees—only to be turned back. Lodged in a concentration camp, they had to spend a fortnight convincing the authorities they weren't soldiers. Ordered to be escorted back to Marseilles, they broke free and were caught again.

"Smiler" kept trying. He hadn't been in concentration camps without learning how to break a padlock on his wrist.

Tripping the guard, grabbing his revolver, Shackleton gagged him with his own tie and handkerchief and chained him to a tree.

And again—his bad luck was incredible!—he found himself back in internment with Smithy.

This time, on the strength of a bar of toffee, four Luxemburgers were planning a break. The two seamen joined them.

They used the classical method—the oldest prison trick in the world—burrowing under the wire when the ground was softened by heavy rain—tunnelling like crocodiles to the edge of the river.

The guards spotted them. Once again flame stabbed in the night.

Shackleton felt himself rolling down the bank, grasping at soft mud . . . and sinking.

He was caught in a quagmire.

Bullets whistled near as he struggled and sank—deeper, deeper—up to the waist.

Crossed Pyrenees

Frenziedly in the darkness his friends fought for him—morass *versus* men. In a lull in the shooting, they triumphed and soon all six were swimming the river.

After "Smiler" Shackleton's long months of untired determination his patience was rewarded. Sixteen hours later, his feet blistered, his heart happy, he was across the ice-capped Pyrenees.

Internment in Spain, escape and re-internment after that, was—he says—pure routine. Never giving up he eventually reached Gibraltar.

And his famous predecessor never had a greater thrill in the Antarctic than Ernest Shackleton that day he sighted the Rock in the sunshine.

Death Hangs in Mid-Air!

MANY U-boats lurking beneath the waters of the Atlantic are soon going to get a terrific—and in most cases a fatal—shock.

Hitherto they have enjoyed freedom from aerial attack in a vital gap in mid-Atlantic, varying up to 600 miles beyond the reach of shore-based bombers in Britain and America.

That gap is now to be closed.

First intimation was the recent statement in the House of Commons by Captain Balfour, Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Air, that Britain is acquiring a number of helicopters for the protection of shipping.

A JOHN BULL suggestion is thus being acted upon.

Helicopters have long been regarded by some people as harmless toys.

They may yet come to be reckoned as one of the deadliest anti-submarine weapons of the war.

★ ★ ★

Their ability to rise and descend vertically from the smallest of deck spaces means that they can be carried by the ships of every convoy.

So far as attacks on U-boats are concerned, they are therefore likely to replace the catapult planes, the work of whose gallant pilots has been described in JOHN BULL.

The chief drawback to the catapult planes is that, more often than not, having accomplished their task, they have to be abandoned in the sea.

Not so the helicopter, which should be able to return to its ship in the roughest of seas.

But this is by no means the only advantage of the helicopter over its more conventional cousins of the air.

Unlike a reconnaisance plane or a bomber, which moves too fast for close inspection of doubtful objects, the helicopter can "stand still" in mid-air and can spot its prey lurking as deep as 90 ft. below the surface.

And having done so, it scores again over the bomber, for, hovering directly over its target, it can unload a depth charge on it with 100 per cent. accuracy.

Captain Balfour's reference was almost certainly to the Vought-Sikorsky helicopter, perfected by the famous Russian-American designer, Ivan Sikorsky. This helicopter is now being turned out in quantities for the United States Army, and the U.S. naval authorities recently seized on it as an anti-submarine weapon after convincing tests

One of the most striking features of the machine is its astounding accuracy and simplicity of control.

It can take off or alight in a tiny space—it has actually done so in a crowded car park—and can move in any direction in the air.

The nearest example I can think of to describe its versatility in the air are those insects which one sees hovering on a hot summer's day and which suddenly dart sideways, backwards, or up and down at all sorts of unexpected angles.

This amazing manœuvrability is not confined to operations off land or the decks of ships, for the Vought-Sikorsky helicopter is amphibious.

It can hop from land to water, from water to land, or, indeed, can alternate between any surfaces such as snow, marshland, or ice—an ability explained by the pneumatic rubber pontoons which have replaced the wheels of earlier models.

Improbable though it may sound, the machine is more easily handled on water than the most versatile of surface craft known to sailors!

★ ★ ★

Not only can it move about on the water in any direction, but can rise from it and descend again without a splash.

And if you suppose all this complicated movement involves a multiplicity of controls you are wrong. You could fly the Vought-Sikorsky helicopter yourself *after about three lessons!*

In short, it can do pretty well anything except stand on its head.—P. S.

NAZI PLOT CAN'T KEEP FRANCE OUT OF THE FIGHT

THE time has gone when German soldiers thanked their lucky stars if they were sent to the army of occupation in France.

Life there for the German troops is now a nightmare.

This is quite apart from the gallant but perhaps rather ill-timed revolt of General Cartier's Partisan Army in the Savoy Hills.

It is the new spirit *throughout* the country which has turned the Nazi haven of comfort into a land of misery and danger.

And the unpleasant surprises shooting up from the new spirit in all kinds of places worries the invader far more than a limited revolt in one area.

★ ★ ★

It is showing the Germans the grim truth of the declaration by M. Andre Philip, Fighting French Commissioner, that "a whole population is ready to rise on the day of the landing of Allied Forces."

While everyone can understand the exasperation which has produced the armed resistance in Savoy, it would be unwise to over-estimate its possibilities.

Most of the sorely tried inhabitants, listening carefully to instructions over the wireless from London and North Africa, know they will get the real signal in time.

They are content, for the moment, to play their part by obstructing Nazi orders, going slow in the factories, committing individual acts of sabotage to hamper German military plans.

★ ★ ★

These people do not know much about complicated modern fire-arms, but they know how to handle bombs and hand-grenades, how to dynamite bridges, how to derail trains at the most dangerous points of a track, and how to set fire to petrol tanks, garages and food stores of the occupation army.

The toll in material—and the lives of Germans—is mounting up.

Russia's tremendous blows, the news from North Africa, and other clear indications that defeat of the Nazis has begun have spurred on this underground warfare.

Women as well as men are taking part in it, and when the full story can be told it will be one of the war's most thrilling sagas of bravery and sacrifice.

No wonder the Nazis are jittery, and increasing numbers of troops have to be employed night and day to guard bridges, patrol long and vulnerable lines of communications, and even garrison factories.

And these are troops originally intended, and urgently needed, to prepare to meet the expected armed invasion from across the sea!

★ ★ ★

Runstedt, toughened General though he is, must be growing as harassed as his troops because he is fighting another desperate battle with time.

Apart from dealing with the ravages of sabotage, he is making frantic efforts to clear out of the country every able-bodied Frenchman who might become a warrior when the Allies arrive.

In this job he is being assisted by Laval and his miserable gang of quislings who are trying to sell their countrymen to the Nazis by every kind of mean trick.

Of course the men are also wanted in Germany as labour slaves, but the anxiety to remove them from the battleground is undoubtedly uppermost in the minds of the German High Command.

But, whatever may be the fate of the heroic resistance in Savoy—and no matter how much Traitor Laval assists his masters—there is every indication that this manœuvre will fail.

Vast numbers of Frenchmen will still be on their own soil when the time comes for them to join in the big attack that will at long last herald the liberation of their country.

'UNCONDITIONAL SU —A WARNING

By A. G. GARDINER

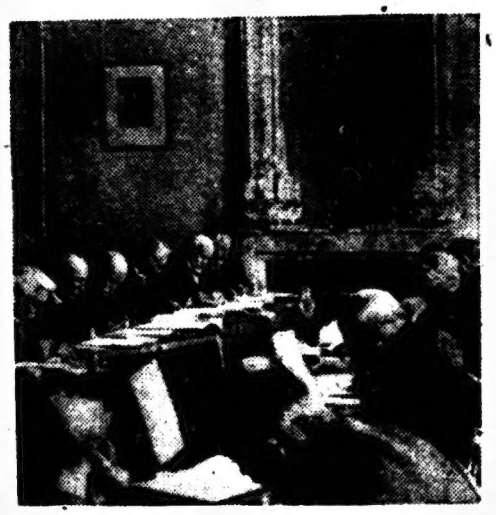
ZERO hour is about to strike, and we all rejoice that it will find Mr. Churchill back in the battle-line. What this implies needs no comment.

Napoleon reckoned that his own presence on the battlefield was worth an army corps. Mr. Churchill's value cannot be assessed in numbers. It is an inspiration that stirs men's hearts wherever the battle rages, on sea or land or in the air.

Among his preoccupations none can be more urgent than that the Allies should meet the supreme occasion not merely with military unity but with spiritual unity. There must be no looking over the shoulder to see what the other fellow is about.

We must clear the air of the miasma of suspicion, and go into battle confident of each other's good faith and sincerity.

We know how much the enemy, now that the tide of war has turned, are trading upon the political disagreements of the Allies and plotting to turn those disagreements to their own account. Those designs must be defeated.



The Versailles Peace Conference was a disaster we must not repeat

In one particular they have already been defeated. At long last the sky has been cleared over North Africa, and all that is militant in France should be embattled once more in the ranks of the Allies.

It will play a big and growing part in the days ahead.

* * *

Nor, with good sense and mutual candour, should it be difficult to warm the chilly atmosphere of Anglo-American relations with Russia.

NO GOOD PURPOSE IS SERVED BY DISCUSSING THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE LACK OF CORDIALITY. THE BLAME IS NOT ON ONE SIDE ONLY, BUT RECRIMINATIONS ARE A CRIME IN THE FACE OF THE LIFE-AND-DEATH STRUGGLE IN WHICH WE ARE BOTH ENGAGED AGAINST A COMMON ENEMY.

And I am sure that all temporary suspicions will vanish like smoke when the curtain rises upon the tremendous events that are now imminent.

* * *

It is not the attempts of the enemy to sow dissension in our ranks *during the war* that are to be feared.

The serious danger will come after the war, and it is in preparing now against that danger that the wisdom and statesmanship of Mr. Churchill will be tested, and the wisdom and statesmanship of President Roosevelt and Mr. Stalin no less.

For, assuming the victory of the Allies, three Powers will emerge from the war with the major responsibility for world reconstruction.

They are Powers of a widely different political and economic structure and outlook.

We and the United States have much in common — language, constitutional government, legal processes, economic traditions, and all that is involved in the meaning of democracy.

Modern Russia is constructed on an entirely different pattern. It is Communist, proletarian and dictatorial.

Parliamentary government in our sense does not exist. Power is in the hands of one Party, and no other Party is permitted either in the Press or in public affairs.

It is obvious that the approach of these two very dissimilar systems to the problem of world reconstruction will be widely different.

Yet upon their reaching a basis of accommodation the success of the peace and the future of world society depend.

No one has stated that dependence with such force and candour as Mr. Henry Wallace, the Vice-President of the United States, has done. Without a peace understanding between the Western democracies and Russia, he says, in effect, victory in World War No. 2 will be barren. World War No. 3 will inevitably follow.

And he envisages a possible struggle in which a victorious Russia and a conquered Germany are companions in arms. Against whom?

It is a nightmare vision which was doubtless intended to shock his countrymen into a more cordial frame of mind in regard to Russia. Perhaps it went over the line and played into the hands of the Nazis.

But the purpose of the warning is sound. It emphasised the urgency of such an accommodation with Russia as will not only win the war but will secure an agreed peace.

The broad terms of such a peace cannot be left to be settled at the Peace Conference. If they are, the result will repeat the disaster of 1919.

They must be settled now.

The task will be as wide as the earth and as intimate as the family larder. It will cover the outlawry of war and the institution of such an international police as will make national gangsterism for ever impossible.

It will demilitarise the air and lay down

URRENDER'

e principles on which its economic exploitaon can be fairly distributed.

Sea-power will become an instrument of e international police system, and free and ual access to the raw material of the earth ll be a universal right.

In the administration of backward oples the mandatory principle may be exnded, with guarantees against the abuse hich enabled Japan to establish an arsenal seven islands of the Pacific.

There is, further, the great question of the rt of world authority which is to crown the w World Order.

Here the melancholy failure of the ague of Nations will serve as a guide both r what to do and what not to do.

AND AMONG THE MOST IMMEDIATE PROBLEMS WHICH CAN IN NO CASE BE POSTPONED TILL THE PEACE CONFERENCE ARE THE TERMS OF SURRENDER, THE ADMINISTRATION OF EUROPE AFTER THE WAR, AND THE PUNISHMENT OF THE CRIMINALS.

ALL THESE PROBLEMS ARE STREWN WITH DIFFICULTIES WHICH MUST BE FACED NOW.

"Unconditional Surrender" for example, ust, as the President of the Belgian Military urt has just shown, be translated from a rase into a policy covering the whole conion on which we shall occupy and minister the enemy countries.

* * *

What is the conclusion from all this? rely it is the urgency of instant action. t unilateral action, but collective action.

The best minds that Britain, Russia and S.A. can command should be turned on to scover the largest measure of agreement at can be reached in the solution of all e grave problems with which the peace will nfront the Allies.

The new World Order cannot be drafted watertight compartments. It must be afted in collaboration.

It must not represent rival schemes shing for the first time in the heated mosphere of the Conference.

It must represent the carefully considered dgment of experts working in co-operation der the sanction of their Governments d inspired with the imperious necessity hammering out an agreed policy on every itical issue.

Only in this way can the Peace Conrence give us the World Order that will save ankind from the repetition of the horrors rough which this generation has twice ed or died.

Only in this way will the Allies display at spiritual unity of purpose which can one save the white civilisation from perishg from the earth.

THE DANGERS OF THE PEACE ARE GREAT, AS MR. DUFF COOPER HAS REMINDED US. THEY CAN ONLY BE OVERCOME BY A UNITED PEACE FRONT.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF THAT FRONT SHOULD BE LAID NOW, AND IT IS FOR MR. CHURCHILL, MR. STALIN AND PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TO LAY THEM.

★ What is happening in the countries occupied by the Japanese? How are the inhabitants being treated; and what is their attitude to the invaders?

What it is Like Under Jap Rule

OVER a Far Eastern town under Japanese rule a big balloon waves in the wind. Japanese propaganda units have attached to it a long red flag with a glaring white inscription.

"Do not worry!" says the writing on the flag, "we are not going to hurt you!"

This is just one example of the technique of conquest which the Japanese employed. More than their Nazi friends in Europe, they were conscious of their bad reputation.

What is life like under Japanese rule?

Between the Lines

We don't hear much through the usual channels like those by which news seeps out from countries occupied by Germany.

But the Japanese themselves supply some of the answers through their own propaganda. Cunning though it is, it does give many hints of the problems they are facing—and in that way we get a picture of what conditions are like.

A bad conscience is the principal feature of most Japanese activities in the territories under their control. The native populations to whom they announced their arrival as "liberators" showed little inclination to receive them in triumph.

Clearly they were worried by the stream of refugees which left every town as they approached it. They were short of labour, their own operations were hampered by the chaos which their advent created.

The tale of Japanese atrocities had everywhere preceded their armies.

Now their propaganda journals, printed in English or in Russian, are trying hard to create the impression that they are really very nice gentlemen, chivalrous Samurai knights who treat their opponents magnanimously!

And evidence suggests that they were, as a matter of fact, forced to adopt a more civilised attitude.

Like the Germans in Russia, they were baffled and enraged by the scorched earth policy which deprived them of many fruits of victory. Now they insist treacherously that "scorched earth has caused more damage than Japanese bombs."

They repeat monotonously their assurances of good will towards the native population on whose assistance in the work of reconstruction they must count.

In some respects they go about it much more cleverly than the Nazis, who, for instance, cynically photographed their loot and pictured food trains which they brought from the Ukraine to Germany.

Cunning Slogans

The Japs, on the other hand, make much play with the alleged food supplies which they distribute among the "starving population under their care."

"Return to normal" is another typical slogan, and every effort is made to get production going again. If we are to believe the Japanese assertions, territories under their rule are a heaven of peace and happiness.

But in spite of this cunning they themselves supply the evidence which shows that life is not as

The Japs tried to make a great ceremony of their march into Hong Kong, but it fell flat

happy as the Japanese propagandists would have the world believe. Their own pictures showing life in conquered towns tell a different story.

They reveal that, as is the case with the Nazis in Europe, every Japanese invasion army is followed by big occupation forces, by police and a Far Eastern Gestapo not a whit less ruthless than that of the Germans.

Every public square, every strategic corner of the streets, is guarded by heavily armed police; machine-gun posts cover the civilian population from every angle; armoured motor-cycles and even whippet tanks patrol the streets.

Obviously in Fear

The natives, obviously, go about in fear of their lives. Their frightened looks make it seem unlikely that they regard the Japanese as liberators.

Obviously, they have as little sympathy for the "New Order" in Asia as the French, Dutch or Czechs have in Europe.

To show themselves masters over the Europeans in the Far East is one of the principal aims of the Japanese conquerors. They not only try to discredit them in the eyes of the natives; they are working off old grudges.

Sneeringly they point to the stream of refugees who leave the districts which the Japanese approach. They make fun of Europeans, who, the Japs say, anticipate unpleasant things.

There is, of course, no shortage of concentration and internment camps in Asia either.

So much propaganda is devoted to attempts to refute the charges of ill-treatment of prisoners, military and civilian, that it certainly looks as if world-wide resentment against their atrocities in the early stages of the war in the Far East was not without effect.

Prisoners—at least those whom they show in scores of propaganda pictures—look healthy and do not seem to be too badly off.

The Japanese insist that routine in the prison camps provides prisoners with opportunities for exercise and distraction.

I have seen these pictures of Allied soldiers and airmen, and these bearded men, even if they are in rags, do still look cheerful and unbroken in spirit.

Their chosen leaders are apparently frequently called into conference with their guards; others are allowed to tend gardens or to amuse themselves in various ways.

Like the Nazis

There are few Europeans now at liberty in the controlled territories. They even refuse to make much difference between a German and an Englishman.

Obviously the Japanese want to be alone in their "supremacy over the Far East." Yet they show themselves past-masters of the methods which the Nazis employ on the Continent of Europe.

Quislings are imposed on the native populations and respect for legality is emphasised, even though it manifests itself in strange ways.

There is, of course, another side to Japanese activities.

Like the Nazis in Europe, they want to show themselves as invincible heroes. They impress the native populations with the might of their arms, the havoc which their bombs can inflict on their opponents.

They want to show how useless it is to resist them. In that respect there is really very little difference between the Nazis and the "Prussians of the Far East."

Their Own Medicine

Their propaganda sheets make much use of slogans which are familiar to their opponents. You can read that "the Japs are coming," or that they are, in Kipling's words, "on the road to Mandalay." The "New Order" is mentioned on every occasion, but they rarely say what it consists of.

Looking at reports and pictures from Japanese sources, piecing together all the available evidence about the war in the Far East, it all looks a little less strange and frightening than it may appear at first sight.

And the days are fast approaching when the Japs in Asia will get a dose of their own medicine and the New Order in the Pacific will make them look as small as they really are.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

DON'T REGISTER WITH THESE "SLEUTHS"!

AT the beginning of the year I drew attention to the remarkable growth of so-called "private detectives."

Dealing specifically with the impudent operations of one of them, a Mr. Henry Moreton-Stanley, of 35, St. James Avenue, Ealing, London, I stressed the need for compulsory registration of all such people.

Information which has since reached me shows that need to be even more urgent.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

War conditions have widened their activities.

During my exposure of Henry Moreton-Stanley, I told how he had received money from numerous clients who have been badly let down.

How, for instance, one woman, deceived by his "reports," eventually found that, apart from taking heavy fees, he had collected money on her behalf from her husband and not paid it over to her.

How He Works

Here is a new instance of how this dangerous person works in the guise of a "private detective" with "twenty-eight years' police and court experience."

A man whose wife had left him, and was believed to be living with another man, answered one of Henry Moreton-Stanley's advertisements.

He was told that the investigations would cost twelve guineas, and that the total cost of the divorce would be £50—which he paid.

When he was informed by Moreton-Stanley that complications had arisen and that more money would be needed, he quite rightly asked for a detailed statement of account.

He had to wait several months.

Last November, Moreton-Stanley told him that the case was likely to go through during the next few days, but that another fifteen guineas was needed. The money was paid, and the divorce went through quite smoothly.

Since then bills have been presented for a further sum of just over £30.

The harassed client was on the point of selling his piano to raise the money when he saw my article and decided not to pay!

This case is only one of many that reveal Henry Moreton-Stanley in his true colours.

Ambitious Title

Just how imperative it is for all private detectives to be registered by some official body is shown in the short-lived career of another concern which was formed some little time ago by a man named Harold F. Edwards.

It was christened with the ambitious title, "British Investigation Bureau," and its address was "National Headquarters, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.2."

Every type of investigation was to be covered by experienced men "working in co-operation with the police."

Its founder, Mr. Harold F. Edwards, had no knowledge of detective work, though he made use of specially printed identity cards which suggested that he had.

"Police No. G.196" headed one of them.

His efforts ended when he was sent to prison for offences committed outside the sphere of his so-called "private detective agency."

The methods of some private detectives vary, and some take fees for making useless and unnecessary inquiries in a most unorthodox fashion.

Heavy Fee

For example, I received a letter only the other day from a working woman whose son, now serving with the Forces overseas, is anxious to secure a divorce.

"As he can't do anything himself," the mother writes, "I am helping him. But up till now he hasn't enough evidence, although we know there must be some."

She answered a private detective's advertisement and was offered certain services for a heavy fee, payable in advance, which she was wise enough not to decide upon until she had sought advice from this office.

There is little doubt that she would have thrown away her money had she not done so.

For legal and police circles and the British Detectives' Association—which for years has been trying to secure legislation to control the profession—have since been unanimous in condemning the methods used by this particular agent in obtaining information.

So far, I have only dealt with cases of exploitation and demands made for heavy fees.

But there are other types of private detectives who are much more dangerous.

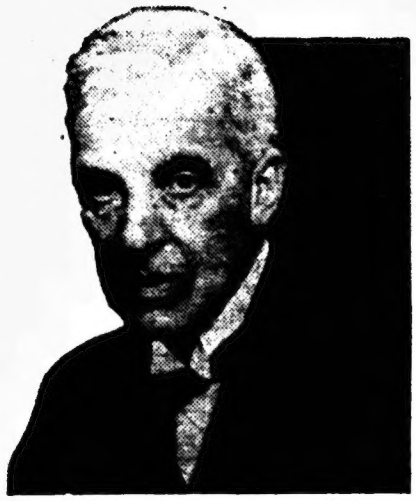
Grave Danger

Their operations, which are far more sinister than those to which I have already alluded, make it all the more apparent why private detectives should only be allowed to operate if they are men and women of proved integrity.

The information which often reaches them from clients includes much confidential matter.

Sometimes it relates to the private lives of people other than the actual clients themselves.

"Detectives" in this more sinister category pass on information to other people who use it for blackmail.



Sir Norman Kendal, Assistant Commissioner in charge of the C.I.D. at Scotland Yard, long ago stressed the need for licensing all private detectives

Women, who consult private detectives are often easy victims, and are usually reluctant to prosecute.

When the war broke out the Inquiry Agents (Private Persons) Bill was about to be presented in the House of Commons.

This aims at making it impossible for any person to act as a private detective without a licence granted by the appropriate local authority in the district where he practises.

Among numerous other excellent stipulations, it fixes penalties for certain offences at as much as two years' imprisonment, plus fines.

In America all private detectives are licensed, subject to yearly renewals. The licensing authorities can revoke a licence even on one proved complaint!

But in this country even a convicted criminal may set up as a private detective anywhere, and at any time!

No Safeguard

The hands of our legislators are admittedly full just now. But I hope they will, nevertheless, find time to consider this problem anew in the light of the facts here disclosed.

If it should not be possible to allocate the Parliamentary time necessary to put the suspended Bill on the Statute Book, there should surely be some means of curbing these people for the time being.

£2 CHEQUES WEEKLY—BUT WHEN?

PEOPLE are writing to me about a queer enterprise called the National Consumers' Association, Seven Sisters Road, London, N.4.

What there is "national" about it I cannot see.

The notepaper describes it as a "Non-Profit Organisation," and gives its proprietors as "R. Williams, A. Overall, C. Welling."

Its object seems to be to encourage householders to shop with *local* traders, and to assist both the trader and the consumer alike.

An agreement is sent to applicants, together with the impressive statement that "you are entitled to the sum of £2 per week under the conditions" laid down therein.

This agreement states that clients must pay 1d. a week for every promissory note held by them for a period not exceeding fifty-two weeks, and that this money must be sent monthly to headquarters with a stamped, addressed envelope.

By some arrangement, which is not at all clear, "credit cheques to the value of £2 each week" will be issued to "*a few selected consumers.*"

But there is the stipulation that no such cheque can be issued until after the end of hostilities, so "promissory notes" must be held by clients till then!

The office in Seven Sisters Road is a lock-up one and no staff is visible except first thing in the morning, when, my inquirer gathered, "the letters are dealt with."

Well, no one knows how long the war will last.

On the face of it, the scheme is just silly.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. W. Holden, Aubert Road, Highbury, London, N.5, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for interesting information.

Letters are welcomed about any ramp or scandal requiring investigation or exposure. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU...

WHY ARE INVENTORS SNUBBED?

● H. G. Wells, complaining that an idea to fight the U-boats which he brought back from America was turned down by the Admiralty for two years, has penned the most bitter of all the war time indictments of Whitehall.

Refusal to use new ideas is one of our bureaucracy's worst crimes.

The worst case that I can recall happened in 1936, when I was one of a party invited to the Russian Embassy to see a film of the Kiev manœuvres.

War Office experts of all kinds were there.

Yet when they saw, in the film, hundreds of parachutists descending from 'planes, aeroplanes that dropped small tanks and machine-guns and troop-carriers, they shrugged their shoulders and called it "child's play."

Not till long after Rotterdam was captured by the Germans with paratroops did we start that sort of warfare.

Actually, we are one of the most inventive people in the world; but we are almost the slowest in using the ideas of our own inventors.

IS CIVIL DEFENCE BEING SWAMPED WITH PAPER?

● When local authorities complain that they are overwhelmed with new instructions from Government Departments, they are suffering no more than is almost every department of the nation's activities.

So contradictory are some of the instructions that a big manufacturer told me how one Ministry of Home Security department had threatened him with prosecution because his factory gave out white smoke which would act as a beacon to the Luftwaffe, while another department was applauding him for creating a useful screen over his factory!

WHY ALL THIS MINE-LAYING?

● Continually we read news of how the R.A.F. has again laid mines in enemy waters. People ask me what use this is. They wonder about the effect of laying so many mines.

Actually, the attacks on the coastal vessels which the Germans have been forced to use because of our devastating raids on their centralised railway systems are helped to an immeasurable degree by all this mine-laying.

It forces the enemy to keep within very narrow channels. It chokes his sea supplies. It makes it easy for the R.A.F. to attack his ships from the air.

Without mine-laying, his maritime activities would be far greater. It is hard to discover how many ships are lost because of the mines; it is certainly large.

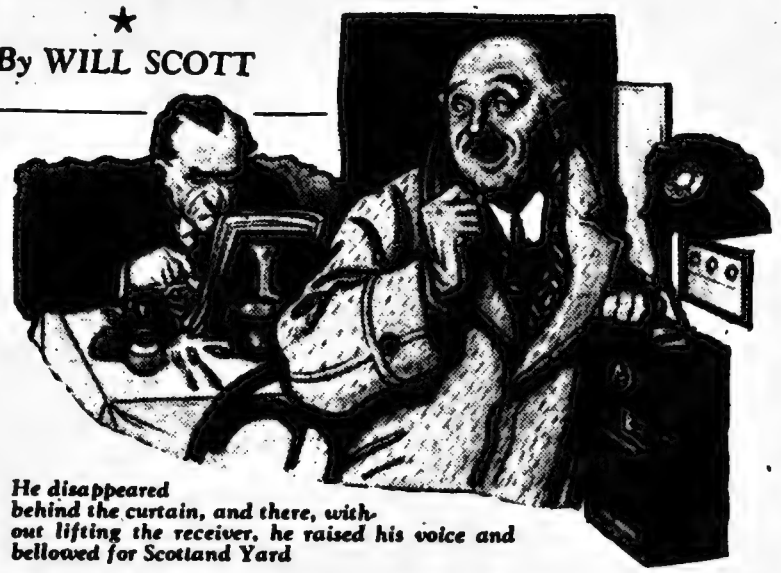
As for the waste, war, unfortunately, is all waste.

THE BULL'S-EYE OFF THE TARGET

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY

★

By WILL SCOTT



He disappeared behind the curtain, and there, without lifting the receiver, he raised his voice and bellowed for Scotland Yard

BEFORE the war I used to go quite a lot to Bonini's, the little Italian place down Pepper Hill. The food was as good as you'd get anywhere, the prices so low that nobody ever knew how they did it.

The Boninis themselves were four—Papa, big and fat, who did the cooking; Mamma, who looked after the cash desk; daughter Rosita, who was sole waitress; and Enrico the son, who hovered about helping now Papa and now Rosita.

As I say, it was before the war, and Bonini's down Pepper Hill was as comfortable a little corner as you could wish to find.

Until the silent man turned up. . . .

I was sitting in my usual corner the first time the silent man appeared, and it was as if somebody had left a door open on a frosty day.

He was a long man, a thin man, with startling eyes, deep-set eyes which looked at you without appearing to see you. He was a mysterious sort of man. The word I picked for him that first day was *sinister*.

He took a seat, pointed to something on the menu without a word, propped some papers up against the cruet and began to read.

He was a new one to Rosita, you could tell that. She whispered a word or two to Mamma as she passed the cash desk, and Mamma whispered a word or two to Enrico, and presently even fat Papa came up from below to have a look at the sinister stranger.

"That man's a criminal," I felt like saying to Rosita. "You've only got to look at him."

But I didn't. After all, he'd pay his bill and go, and we'd never see or hear of him again. And appearances can be deceptive indeed. The fellow was probably a bank clerk or a shopwalker and harmlessly kept rabbits in his spare time. Most likely he had a wife and was henpecked.

When I left Bonini's that day I forgot all about him.

But the next day he turned up again. And the next day. And the next.

In fact, it looked as if he had settled down into becoming a "regular."

This I hated. Bonini's was not the same place at all with the silent man in the corner.

You see, he never spoke at all. He never looked at anybody. Always he propped up papers against the cruet and read them and just took no notice at all of the world he was blighting.

I thought at first perhaps he was deaf and dumb. But he certainly wasn't deaf, as I found out one day when Rosita dropped a plate. He leapt nearly out of his skin.

"Guilty conscience!" I said to myself.

How to get him out was my problem, for really he was *spoiling* the cheerful little restaurant. I talked about it one night to my friend Carr.

"I feel like creeping up behind him and putting my hand on his shoulder and whispering: 'Will you come quietly?'" I said. "I bet he'd run for his life and we'd never see him in Bonini's again."

"A good idea," agreed Carr, "If you're certain. But if he *is* a counter-jumper or something like that you'd let yourself in for an action for slander and heaven knows what."

"Anyway," I said, "I wish he'd clear out. He gets on my nerves. If I can't shift him I shall seriously think of taking my little suppers somewhere else."

"The best way to approach the problem," said Carr, "is on the slant."

"As how?" said I.

"If you could let him know you were on his evil track without actually saying so to him."

"As how?" I repeated.

CARR thought for a minute or two and then said:

"Look here, I don't know Bonini's. I've seen it, of course, but I've never been inside. Explain the lay-out to me."

This I did as well as I could, and then Carr wanted to know if there was a telephone in the place. I said yes, there was a slot machine in a little alcove behind a red curtain.

Carr thought this over and then snapped his fingers.

"That's it!" he said. "And I can work it, being a stranger."

"Work what?" said I.

"Well," said Carr, "suppose I go in, and start with surprise or something of the sort on seeing the silent man and then dash into the alcove and ring up Scotland Yard at the top of my voice, and say that I've found him at last?"

"H'm," said I.

"What d'you think?" said he.

"I think," said I, "that Scotland Yards *would* be pleased!"

"Good lord!" snapped Carr. "You don't think I'd do it as crudely as that? Being behind the red curtain there'd be no need for me to lift the receiver."

"I see," said I.

And now I did see, the more I thought of it the more the notion appealed to me.

"You see," said Carr. "We name no names, so that no harm can come to us. If he cares to pick up the hat and wear it. . . ."

"Carr, old man," I said, "it's a wheeze! It's most certainly a wheeze."

And so the next night Carr and I walked together through the ill-lit night down Pepper Hill.

"Of course," said Carr, as we approached the restaurant, "if he does bolt we shall have to do something. I suggest you stay outside and trip him up as he runs."

Well, there was an argument about this, but in the end I saw Carr's point, and when he went in I remained in the shadow of the next doorway.

Afterwards Carr told me how he handled his end

He went in, sat down, ordered something from Rosita, glared at the silent man, asked if he could use the telephone, was directed to the alcove and disappeared behind the red curtain. And there, without lifting the receiver he raised his voice and bellowed for Scotland Yard.

"Is that Sir Reginald?" he was bawling presently. "No. Two here. We've reached the end of our trail at last, sir. Let me have a police car and half a dozen men and the case is over. I'm speaking from Bonini's, down Pepper Hill."

And so on. Quite a bit of an actor is old Carr when he gets going.

WELL, outside I waited and waited. Nothing happened. There wasn't a sign of the silent man. And just as I was beginning to wonder till my head ached, the door opened and Carr popped his head out.

"Oy!" he called. "Better come in."

And in I went. And there in his now usual corner was the silent man, taking no notice of anybody, his papers propped up against the cruet, munching and reading

"Do you mean we were wrong?" I whispered to Carr.

"Looks like it," said Carr. "He didn't even nibble the bait."

"I must tell the Boninis," I said.

And I went through to the back premises. But I didn't tell the Boninis. I couldn't find the Boninis. All I found was the back door, wide open. Of Papa and Mamma and Enrico and Rosita there wasn't a trace.

And I don't know how hard they may be working for Mussolini now in sunny Italy, but they're not working for him any more down Pepper Hill.

They've never been seen there since.

HUMAN MACHINE

NO BARGAINS IN THIS STORE

"How did you spend your time?"—did you ever stop to think what a queer and significant phrase that is?

It implies that time is, like money, something that can be exchanged for something else.

It suggests that some ways of spending time, like some ways of spending money, are better, and more profitable than others.

And just as you can "spend" time, so you can "waste" time. There is one thing you can't do with time, however—you can't save it. You can't hoard it.

You must either use it or let it go. Well, time can, of course, be exchanged for something else. You can use time to gain your enjoyment and pleasure and satisfaction.

You can buy lasting satisfaction with it, or you can buy mere passing pleasure.

You can use time to enrich your life or to sour it. You can be wise or foolish—and all according to how you "spend" time.

And time has one great advantage over any other form of wealth—no one can take it from you. No one can steal it. And no one has any more than you have.

The only difference between us are the things we do with it.

But remember that there are no bargains in time. Every hour you get sixty minutes. Every day you get twenty-four hours.

So spend your time wisely. Get full value out of it. Use every minute of it.

FANCY!—NEWS WITH LABELS

MY friend Smith thinks the newspapers ought to be more careful. He thinks they ought to label their goods and give details, like the medicine people.

"Absolute Fact, 1 grain; Doubtful, 2 oz.; Plain Lies, 2 gall." That kind of thing.

Then, according to my friend Smith, you'd know where you were.

If they'd given us the ingredients right from the start of the war we'd have known that the yarn about the desperate shortage of fats in Germany was Absolute Fact, ½ grain, Wishful Thinking, 7 oz., Eyewash, 10 gall.

He mentioned, the other night, the famous Russians who, covered with snow and in hundreds of trains, came down from the north of Scotland to the south of England in 1916.

★ ★ ★

And he'd like to see at the top of one news item the word *Fact*, and at the top of another the word *Rumour*, and so on.

"Then," he says, "we could swallow the syrup or not, as we wished."

It sounds very nice. But I wonder.

I suppose that if we could go right back through history and sort it out we should find that we were nearly always served with ten gallons of Eyewash to every grain or so of Absolute Fact.

If we could divide history into two volumes the one full of Facts would be a natty slim volume and the one full of Fancy Bits would be a fat thing bursting its binding.

But still I wonder.

I've got a feeling that lots of the thin volumes would remain on the booksellers' shelves and most of the fat ones would be sold out by the first noon.

★ ★ ★

I've forgotten the facts about Robert Bruce, if I ever knew them. But I like to remember the spider.

I've forgotten the facts about Canute, if I ever knew them. But I often think about the sea-sweeping act.

John? I recall that he lost his treasure in the Wash. But I don't recall anything else.

You see, the Fancy Bits *are* fancy and the Fact Bits are so very plain, on the whole.

All the rest of George Washington's life didn't have as much interest as the Cherry Tree Bit. That's why we remember that bit so easily.

Some day, perhaps, as Smith suggests, they'll give us the details on the label.

But I think that even if we're told that the contents of the morning's news is syrup and nothing but, we shall still reach for the spoon.

In a world such as this is we *like* syrup.

A. G.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

NO torch batteries! Yet torches complete with batteries are available at fancy prices. This may be legal, but it is also despicable. Attention, Mr. Dalton, please!—E. Sanders, Harefield, Middlesex.

★ ★ ★

No one in the Commons seems to trouble about persons on National Health benefit, who draw only 18s. a week for men and 15s. for women. Even Sir Kingsley Wood should blush with shame!—W. H. Kennedy, Leigh, Lancs.

★ ★ ★

In planning our cities, the first need is for a million houses. Lovely new buildings will not console those living in hovels.—A. Race, Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

"T.B." is on the increase, whilst facilities for treating this scourge become daily more inadequate. A victim of the disease is compelled to act as a firewatcher, using blankets and utensils in common with his fellow-watchers. This is lunacy!—"M. H.," Huddersfield.

★ ★ ★

B.B.C. news bulletin at 1 p.m. should be broadcast at 1.15 p.m., so that workers who go home to meal could hear it.—J. H. Scattergood, Portsmouth.

★ ★ ★

N.A.A.F.I. is often criticised for its charges, but what about the railway buffets, where Servicemen are charged 3d. for a cup of atrocious stuff described as tea?—"Old Soldier," Reddish, Stockport.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

VOICE OF THE

AN airman reported "missing," but now happily safe and sound, tells the story of his escape after a crash-landing. L.A.C. A. Edgar, R.A.F., serving with the M.E.F., writes to his uncle at Trinity Road, Dorchester:

We had been up strafing the retreating enemy transport columns when our "bus" got a nasty burst of flak which cramped our style.

We tried to get back to our base, but owing to our damaged condition we could not keep a course, and soon had to crash-land in the desert.

Unfortunately, only two of us survived the landing, but we were able to crawl out of the machine suffering from nothing worse than cuts and bruises.

We had completely lost our bearings, and for three days we rested and waited in the shadow of our wrecked "bus."

On the fourth day we saw about forty men approaching, and we prepared to make a fight of it—but there was no need; they were Italians who had been left behind, practically without food or water, by their allies, the Germans.

My pal and I decided to set out to find our lines, and the Wops followed. Next day we fell in with a section of the R.A.S.C. and handed over forty prisoners, who seemed overjoyed at the prospect of captivity with the British for the duration of the war.

It was only when we got back that we discovered that we had been reported "missing," and I am sorry that it caused mother and dad great anxiety. However, all is well, and I am ready for another "go" at Jerry.

WHALE HUNT

We go to the Faroe Islands, where whale-hunting seems to be the chief sport. Bdr. T. Lockey, serving with the Faroe Forces, writes to his parents at Atkinson Road, Fulwell, Sunderland:

All the local people went mad when a school of about two hundred whales was seen off this island. Every available sail-boat was taken by the natives to drive the whales into the harbour.

There was a series of battles, and our Faroe friends won all along the line, killing 150 whales. Whale flesh to them is what meat is to us, so you can imagine their joy.

The haul is shared by all the inhabitants and the rest is sold to cover the expenses of repairing damaged boats.

Local people now have enough whale meat to last them for two years, and in all their houses you see strips of whale hanging up to dry.

I tasted some whale kidney, which was very tasty, but the whale meat is not so good.

He rode into Tripoli in state

DESERT GARDEN

Miss D. Featherstonhaugh, serving at a M.E.F. General Hospital, writes to her mother at Queen's Road, Hastings:

Funny how well we get on with these prisoners of war. Pasquale, a big Italian giant, is always anxious to please.

If I have been having a tiring time doing dressings in the ward, and have missed going to tea, Pasquale always provides me with a tray on which are dainty sandwiches and a nice pot of tea.

I think he must have been in the catering business, he does it so well.

My Greek boys have all gone except Lazarus, so-called because he literally "rose from the dead." He is better now but worries a lot about his parents in Greece.

I was sorry to leave my old ward just as we had got our garden going. We dug out the sand and fetched mud from the canal for soil, and set a few bushes and things.

Then we started a private lawn, not with grass, but with lentils, but the birds, the little beggars, finished the seeds off for us, so the lawn was not a success.

Even Mr. Middleton would find gardening a bit difficult in these circumstances!

EGGS GALORE!

Serving in India with the R.A.F., A.C. A. Barr finds eggs to go with his breakfast sausage and then loses the sausage. He writes to his wife at Elisabeth Street, Glasgow:

Breakfast at this camp is not too good, so we go outside the cookhouse and buy as many fried eggs as we wish from a native at a penny each. He fries them over a wood fire under a shady tree.

This morning, breakfast was sausage and fried bread, but I thought two eggs would be an improvement, so I went to the egg-frier.

With everything on my plate looking nice and appetising I was returning to the mess when a hawk swooped down and reduced my breakfast to a mess.

The sausage disappeared before I could beat off the enemy!

FRENCH FOOTBALL

North Africa seems a long way to go to see a game of French football, but there it is! L.A.C. E. Proctor, R.A.F., writes home to his sister at Rossall Road, Liverpool:

The French football game was amusing. The players pranced on to the field as if they were full of beans and enthusiasm, being announced by loudspeaker by name and position in the field.

The goalie was like a king in his castle. Once he held the ball, all play ceased until he booted it into play again.

Altogether an exciting game, but I prefer our own game of football, especially as we can understand it.

Souvenirs are at exorbitant prices, but I am sending a packet of cosmetics soon.

Cheerio!

DIVORCE—THOSE OPPOSITES —AND A WORRIED MAN

By HUMANIST

IF we human beings based all our lives on logic and common-sense, how much simpler our problems would be! Unfortunately, we can't; or at any rate, we don't. We act upon instincts or emotions, and then look for good arguments to justify ourselves.

"I have often wondered why so many marriages end in the divorce court," *writes a man.* "I have given the question a lot of thought and believe that an easy solution is possible.

"Young men and women should be taught to know what they want. A young man who wants a home of his own, loves children, and enjoys a domestic life ought to look for a partner who would share the same interests.

"It would be absurd for him to mate with a 'butterfly.'

"Sporty inclined couples should mate, and a business-minded pair should be able to pull together well.

"Now my suggestion is that the subject should be incorporated into our educational system. Young people should be taught not to allow desires or passions to rule their minds, and so to make marriage a serious matter and not a mere lottery.

He adds that his theory that "like attracts like" is the secret of his solution of marriage problems.

THERE is another theory, however, that "unlikes attract," which has its counterpart in the laws of electricity and magnetism.

"Why it is," *asked another reader recently,* "that fair men are attracted to brunettes, while dark men fall for blondes? Is there a reason or is it just accident?

"I happen to be unusually tall, but tall women don't interest me; I am drawn to the very short.

"So many men have dumpy wives and

"—and why do tall men so often prefer to marry short women?"

little men have tall wives. One does see tall couples and short couples, but they are the exception rather than the rule. Can you throw any daylight on the subject?"

If fair men always married blondes and dark men brunettes, there would soon be two distinct races, and the gap between them would steadily widen through the centuries. If the tallest men married the tallest women, and *vice-versa*, we should eventually have a race of giants and another of pigmies!

It does suggest that Nature is aiming at the production of a good average, and that men and women unconsciously collaborate in the scheme.

If this is true, it seems that marriage is based principally on physical qualities. This is probably the weakness of the educational plan outlined by the writer of the first letter.

While we are on the subject of choosing partners, here is another letter which deals with an old problem:

"I am a much worried married man," *says the writer,* "and I should like your advice. Is it possible for me to love my wife and another girl at the same time? For that is what has happened to me.

"I have fallen deeply in love with a nice girl who has come to work beside me. There is nothing I would not do for her, and she loves me.

"In fairness to her I have tried to break it off, but I can't do it.

"Yet my wife is one of the finest girls in the world, and we have always been very happy.

"Don't tell me that it is only infatuation for this other girl. A week-end away from her feels like years.

"And it is useless to tell me to forget her. I shall never forget—I love her too much for that.

It is not easy to advise a man who tells you not to say this or that. It is being asked to choose one of three roads by a stranger who says: "I can't take the one on the left and I won't take the one on the right!"

ONE thing is certain: he cannot marry both women—at least, not in Christendom.

One of the two girls is bound to be hurt and will have to give the man up. The wife comes first, and as she is one of the finest girls in the world there can be no arguing about that.

It is bad luck for the other girl that she has fallen for the wrong man. She will suffer, inevitably, but these things are always happening.

So long as the pair go on working alongside the problem will continue to hurt them both. There are thousands of these "triangles." I have no doubt that many readers have been involved in one at some time or other.

If they are allowed to develop, there must be heartaches for three, but (so Mr. H. G. Wells says in one of his books) one can always control emotions in the early stages. Beyond a certain point there is disaster.

★ If you are in doubt write to Humanist, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

TROOPS

ITALIAN PIG

L.A.C. E. Ryde, with Advanced Salvage Unit in the Western Desert, tells his mother at Gosberton Road, Balham, London:

On Christmas Eve I had fifteen letters nd three parcels from home, which heered me up a lot, especially as we re out in the wilds.

Considering the circumstances, we had wonderful time. By chance we came cross an Italian pig, which came in very andy as an addition to our dinner.

We had turkey with the usual trimnings, not forgetting the mince-pies and lum-pudding.

Christmas dinner in the desert was ll right—but I hope to have my next ne at home!

CANADA'S WELCOME

Members of the R.A.F. training units arriving in Canada are sure of a warm welcome. L.A.C. S. Smith writes to friends at Craythorne Gardens, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne:

At Winnipeg we had a break and were old that a Reception Committee was aiting in the main hall of the station receive us. No sooner had we stepped to the palatial hall when the local and struck up with "Colonel Bogie."

Crowds of women and girls were handng out tea, cakes, cigarettes, chocolate nd magazines. Hospitality that was!

I got on very well with a nice univerty girl, and as the band started to play ance music we had a few dances gether.

Her name is McLeod, and, believe me, hope to get back to Winnipeg soon.

MET OUR "GRACIE"

A man from Leeds meets Gracie Fields in Canada, and both of them were pleased. L.A.C. S. Cheesebrough, R.A.F., tells the story in a letter to friends at Mount Pleasant, Kippax, Leeds:

We had Gracie Fields giving a concert our camp on Sunday night. She has en going to all the R.A.F. camps in anada and giving the boys a good time. Gracie came over to a few of us, asking where we came from, and so on. hen I told her, she said: "Does tha' naw Leeds, lad?" I said: "Ah do, an' ll."

Then she asked: "Does tha' knaw here t'Paramount is, lad?" Says I: Ah do" . . . she tried to talk like a orkshire woman, but she soon slipped ack into Lancashire when I got going. e had a good time.

WHAT ABOUT RUBBER!

AVE you turned out every scrap of unwanted rubber for Salvage? You ay think you have; but look again. o carefully through your home, room room. You will be surprised how any little things you have missed.

It doesn't matter what form it is in. ubber of any sort is valuable to-day as potential munition of war.

Old golf balls, tennis balls, door-stops, ndow wedges, rubber bands, old rubber te stamps, old hot-water bottles, and orting gear of all kinds.

When you have got your collection toether it may not look very much—pecially if you think of the immense nount of rubber needed for the tyres of giant bomber. But every little lps.

Your items, added to your neighbours, ll go to help swell your town's quota. nd with every town and village ro ghout the country sending in scrap e aggregate soon becomes worth hile.

So do *your* bit; and urge others to do ers.

★ *The JOHN BULL man who has been at one of the three-day preliminary tests which now decide whether candidates are suitable to embark on an officers' training course, tells you how the psychologist goes to work—and how the psychiatrist takes a hand if considered necessary. The whole procedure makes sure that brains and aptitude alone count now.*

I'm Made to Answer for Eisenhower!

FIRST I sat with the sixty would-be officers while the psychologist tested our basic intelligence, our reasoning powers, and personality.

His Personality Pointers consisted of his showing us certain words. Our responses to them added up to a composite picture of certain qualities good or bad in a leader.

Similar self-revelation was sought when lantern slides, each of a "problem picture," were flashed on a screen.

We had to imagine and write down what led up to the picture, what the characters thought and felt, what was the sequel.

Next we wrote a brief appreciation and depreciation of ourselves—what our best friend and our worst critic might say of us.

All were high-speed tests—their chief value lying in quick, spontaneous response.

They disclosed to the expert such qualities as native intelligence, personality and character, responsibility, self-confidence, aggressiveness, dash, purpose, sympathy, understanding and sociability.

By the time the candidates came to be interviewed by the board's president or his deputy, these had before them a detailed dossier on each man's performance.

Real man-to-man talks, these.

They enabled the president or deputy to add to the general picture his own report on the man's personality and background, experience, military interests, knowledge of current affairs, general officer-quality.

One-third of the men I sat with proved bright to brilliant. A third, average. The other third so deficient that they were getting more than a square deal in being tested for officer-training.

One man could not point on a map to the Mediterranean.

Another located an enemy country in the heart of an Allied one.

A third located a big British Army on the Rock of Gibraltar, described the Allies as advancing on a battlefront where fighting ceased a year ago!

Before the future officer can reach this stage of his training he now has to show that he possesses the basic qualities of leadership

Strange Answers

Significantly, all three had proved the lowest-rated of their group in those earlier psychologist's tests to discover basic intelligence and *not* knowledge.

Attending some of the President's "lecturettes," I glimpsed yet another officer-quality angle.

Our room represented a company commander's office. A candidate sat at the commander's desk, was handed a slip of paper setting down a problem, was asked how he would deal with it and the man concerned.

Another candidate would appear before him as the man with the problem.

Each candidate in turn took the commander's place; each had but seconds to think this out before exercising a Solomon's judgment.

This was "brains-trusting" to practical purpose!

We got more of it in Group Discussions.

We were, for instance, asked to name any celebrity we'd like as companion on an imaginary train journey from London to Edinburgh so that we could question him.

First man said: "General Eisenhower. I want to ask him if he thinks America is so far pulling her weight in the war?"

"You be Eisenhower and answer his question," the deputy president said to me.

Without warning, I had to try to project myself into the other fellow's shoes and answer from his point of view, not my own. Easy? Well, try it in your own family circle.

It's just one of these scores of devices the Army is employing to make sure no half-wit, whatever his social standard, gets charge of the lives of his brothers on the battlefield.

He was a Puzzle

About a third of the men are interviewed by the medical psychiatrist, and, as the candidate had no objection, I heard one of his interviews.

The man was a problem. He had some excellent qualities and, considering them, a puzzling lack of leadership and aggressive spirit.

Might this deficiency cause him to crack up under stress on the battlefield and let his men down? Was the defect superficial, due perhaps to nervousness, and quickly remediable? Or was it long-standing, probably incurable?

All tests so far, while revealing the weakness, failed to give the answer. Could the psychiatrist find it?

Thinking Back

The candidate at once saw that his questioner wanted to give him his vote if he could, and most readily answered the questions.

They were put quietly in a friendly way and began with: "Tell me about yourself from as far back as you remember."

Bit by bit was built up the history of a small boy so devoted to a brother two years older than himself that he went everywhere with him till far into his 'teens.

Though now in his mid-twenties, he didn't bother much about girl friends.

He had one he once thought was *the* girl, but found he forgot her within a week of joining the Army. Since then he'd taken two or three others out on occasions.

But he wasn't worried by that sort of thing, much preferring his new Army interests.

The psychiatrist had found a double-answer to the question set him. How it might affect a leader in battle he and the military president jointly decided.

The Army's psychiatrists are specialists above reproach. They are headed by the most distinguished exponent of this mind-healing science in this country, and are fully trained doctors not to be confused with unqualified "psycho-analysts" who prospered after the last war.

Never before have they, the military expert, and the psychologists worked so closely together.

Nor so successfully, since *nearly 100 per cent.* of those they jointly select for training are graduating as officers.

Fateful Moment

Selection is made at a final board when the president, or his deputy, hears and weighs up the independent opinions of the military testing officer, the visiting military member, the psychiatrist, and the psychologist.

Adding his own opinion, the presiding member then declares the candidate selected or rejected

---

DISAPPOINTED—JUST LIKE THAT

ALL the plans that we have banked on suddenly fail us, just like that! *While Life's winds roughly sweep the blue-prints from the hands of Pride's Diplomat. And Circumstance derides us from every turn and bend and Tomorrow's Road curves upward where we'd hoped it would descend.*

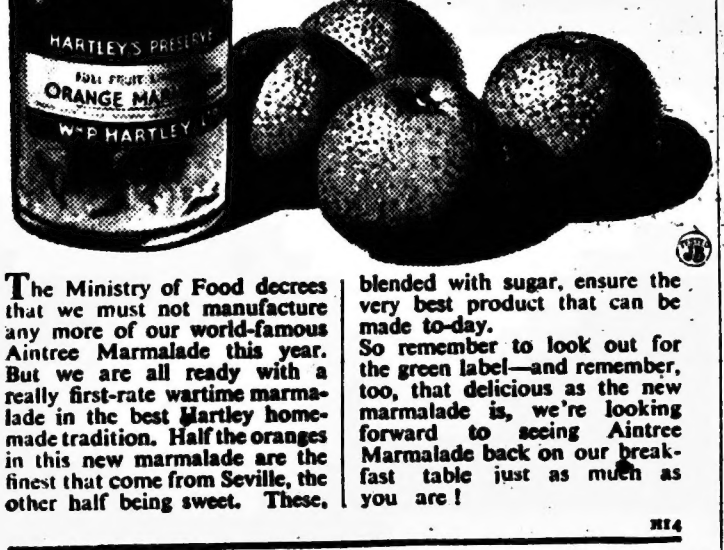
OPPORTUNITY fades before us and we're disappointed, just like that! *For Fate does not halt at Comfort's Fence but slides a knife through a weakened slat; and cuts the path beneath us, till we don't know what we're at, and our world is flung into chaos,* just like that!

BLACK shadows overtake us and blot the sun out, just like that! *While just before, Life's skies were filled with Joy's Great Magnificat. Then how can we defend ourselves from these tragic heart-battering strokes, when we seem but the puny Puppets for Occasion's fantastic jokes?*

WELL, Fate is not secure, it's a Temporal Autocrat, and it's best to face it bravely and with a smile, just like that! *For Life is a great Adventure and at its worst it's a Drama played, but don't try to play the lone hand, take it with God's Aid. For Living is a journey to Heaven, man's true habitat, and it's best to take Life in our stride,* just like that!

J. M.

HARTLEY'S REPLACE FAMOUS MARMALADE *with* ALL-ORANGE WARTIME SPECIAL



The Ministry of Food decrees that we must not manufacture any more of our world-famous Aintree Marmalade this year. But we are all ready with a really first-rate wartime marmalade in the best Hartley home-made tradition. Half the oranges in this new marmalade are the finest that come from Seville, the other half being sweet. These, blended with sugar, ensure the very best product that can be made to-day.

So remember to look out for the green label—and remember, too, that delicious as the new marmalade is, we're looking forward to seeing Aintree Marmalade back on our breakfast table just as much as you are!

H14

FOOD FACTS

HELP FOR HOUSEWIVES

Planning meals for the family is quite a business. You know you must make the best use of your rations. You know the family needs plenty of potatoes and green vegetables. *But you want a little variety in the menu.* Even the best of families get tired of just "plain boiled" potatoes and like their meals served with a difference. We should like to help you so here are some suggestions for the main meal of the day.

DINNER DISHES—for two weeks

First Week

Sunday:
Stuffed breast of mutton, potatoes and cabbage.

Monday:
Cheese and lentil cutlets, jacket potatoes, carrots, watercress.

Tuesday:
Cornish pasties with potato pastry, mashed potatoes, swedes sprinkled with coarsely chopped parsley.

Wednesday:
Potato Jane (sliced potatoes and cheese, baked), carrots, sprouts.

Thursday:
Farmhouse pudding (steamed vegetable pudding), potatoes, raw shredded cabbage salad.

Friday:
Viennese fish cakes, mashed potatoes, spinach.

Saturday:
Curried beans, jacket potatoes, raw sprout and beetroot salad.

Second Week

Sunday:
Lancashire Hot Pot, potatoes, sprouts.

Monday:
Cheese-beans, potatoes, raw cabbage and cooked carrot salad.

Tuesday:
Stewed mince and oatmeal, mashed potatoes, cabbage.

Wednesday:
Farmhouse Scramble (mixed vegetables, dried egg, cheese, fried), jacket potatoes, watercress.

Thursday:
Sausage and bean pie, potatoes, spinach.

Friday:
Pilchard pie, mashed potatoes, carrots, sprinkled coarsely chopped parsley.

Saturday:
Potato Musaka (potatoes, cheese, carrot, dried egg, baked), swedes and greens.

Recipes for all the above dishes have already been published by the Ministry of Food. If you haven't cut out and kept Food Facts week by week, write to the Ministry of Food, London, W.1, for the recipes.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 141

LAST LAUGH

B. N. (Putney).—"I often spend whole evenings gazing at the stars." Which ones do you find most alluring?

Mrs. R. (Edinburgh).—"I hate getting up in the cold to prepare breakfast while my husband lies in bed." We suggest a nice warm dressing-gown.

C. N. (Bristol).—"My father, grandfather and great-grandfather were all boxers." A very striking history!

P. B. (Glasgow).—"I have just had the finest tonic I know—a quiet week-end at home." How did you get rid of the wife?

R. S. (Leatherhead).—"A few months ago I was a commercial traveller on commission, and now I am quite enjoying Army discipline." Probably you find it a treat to be taking orders all day.

RECRUIT (Yorkshire).—"I have just joined the infantry, and my quarters are very cramped." In the last war we joined the cavalry and soon our hindquarters were aching.

TEACHER (Beckenham).—"I got into trouble with a boy's parents because I punished him for spelling an alternative for perfume, 'sent.'" Probably he told them you said he hadn't got quite the right scent.

R. D. (Clerkenwell).—"The best man at a wedding should always be prepared to make a speech full of jokes." Including the old one about two being able to live as cheaply as one.

FLORA (Felixstowe).—"I must say I enjoyed myself at the dance, especially with one partner who in civil life is a furniture remover." By the way, Flora, what do you weigh?

G. H. (Jarrow).—"It is now possible for a sergeant-major to drill a battalion of troops by speaking in ordinary conversational tones into a microphone." But it must be a great strain on a sergeant-major to speak in ordinary conversational tones.

S. B. (Tring).—"Goebbels has a device in his office by which he can interrupt any German radio programme." Often he is forestalled by the R.A.F.

P. N. (Kew).—"The British spirit is undefeatable, despite all trials and tribulations." For instance, we hear of a man who went to his local to play darts and found there was no beer. So what did he do? *He played darts!*

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICANS

"Cap'n Barclay? Well, sir, 'e just popped out to bomb Williams'aven, but if yer cares to wait, he won't be long"

Side-Slips

SUNDAY MAIL:—"Shoes also are a problem that is giving many parents grey grey CHAIRS."

GRAYS AND TILBURY GAZETTE:—". . . an invaluable contribution to the successful PERSECUTION of the war."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"The growing EARS of the Nazi are shown by their unspeakable barbarism towards the subject. . . ."

HAMPSHIRE TELEGRAPH:—". . . the erection of more cottages for WARM workers."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—". . . 'Plane and supplies to make a sudden SOUP seem out of the question."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"The STABLE diet was corned beef. . . ."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—". . . the Germans threw into the CATTLE one regiment. . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● "I was discharged from the Army, medically unfit, in November, 1940. For the past two years I have only been able to work for eleven weeks," writes Joseph Foster.

This unfortunate man is expecting to go into hospital again.

He is married, with five children from two to eleven years to support. They all need shoes and clothing.

Terribly worried that he cannot work and maintain his family, he has appealed to us for assistance.

We are assured that this applicant has always been sober and reliable, and that his wife would wisely use any money sent.

It is in the power of our good-natured readers to lessen this man's financial worries. Donations earmarked "Worthy," or for our General Fund, should be posted to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,365

Mrs. M. Gawn, 3, Grant Road, Farnington, Hants, for this "Bullet":—

LOOKS LIKE BUSINESS WHEN BERLIN "CLOSES DOWN."

£20: E. Warr, 5, Whitehall Tce., Chinley. No's A Quisling, So—*Pail Piper Following "Rats."*

£10: H. A. Noble, 32, Gordon Street, Gainsborough. When We Attack—Will *Russian* Survive Shock?

£5: W. T. Mills, 130, Stonefield Rd., Hastings. When We Attack—Big "Descent"—Great "Uprising."

£4: G. J. Currie, 60, Claremont St., Aberdeen. Strength Of The Enemy—Discovered—Sergeant Throw Sausage!

DOUBLED FIRSTS

SEE OFFER NEXT PAGE

£2: H. Rees, 91, Dumpton Park Rd., Ramsgate. Mad Scramble—Our *Hero's* "Warning" Starts!

£2: T. Jackson, 61, Kemp St., Wigan. Guys Had A Lesson—In Strategy, Step-ladder's "Attack."

£2: J. Duckworth, 7, Pilkington St., Blackburn. Man Who Can't—"Take It," Italian Thief.

£2: T. S. Cow, 50, South Bigger Rd., Airdrie, N.B. Strength Of The Enemy—Revealed By Seventy "Reconnaissance."

£2: Mrs. Digger, 3, Control, Shaldon, Devon. Guys Had A Commission—Mother—Shopkeeper Supplied "Fig"!

£2: E. M. Dougall, 3, Sutherland House, Sutherland Rd., W. Ealing, W.13. Bank And Bungalows—Landlady's Stew—Lodger's Luck!

£2: G. Taylor, 16, Church Lane, Sleaford. Waiting For Victory—Grandpa. Between His "Attacks"!

A list of 25 Winners of Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

5 BIG CHEQUES

WORD IN XWORD 317

WINNING WORDS: 1. Rocket. 2. Sail. 3. Vessel. 4. Sails. 5. Mast. 6. Crane. 7. Tin. 8. Patent. 9. Steam. 10. Cover. 11. Punt. 12. Pram. 13. Beam. 14. Sliding.

£100 SHARERS: Mrs. E. Cole, 26, St. Aubyns Rd., Lowestoft; J. G. Griffiths, Poplars, Kimbolton, Aylesbury; F. Queen, 55, Barot Rd., Walsergate, Newcastle-on-Tyne; W. S. Reid, 11, Marchmont St., Edinburgh; R. J. Smith, 7, Council Houses, Kidlington, Northants.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 19 entrants. In addition 4-lb. Celebration Cake goes to each Runner-up.

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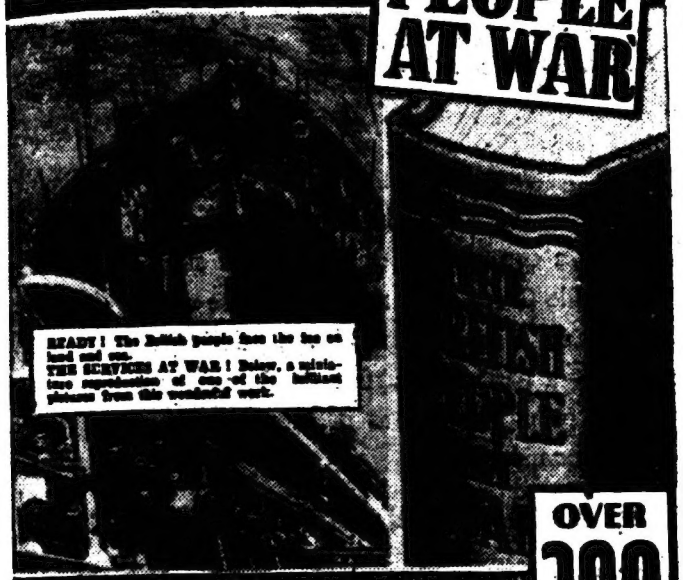
DON'T BE TOO LATE for The BRITISH PEOPLE AT WAR



READY! The British people face the foe on land and sea. THE SERVICES AT WAR! Below, a miniature reproduction of one of the brilliant pictures from this wonderful work.

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LOOK AT THE CONTENTS!

THE FIRST SHOTS!—Bullseye and Bluebeet!—Rationing!—Denmark!—BRITAIN STANDS ALONE!—THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN!—Raids Begin!—BRITAIN TAKES TO THE SHELTERS!—The R.A.F. Strikes Back!—The Navy's Unseen Vigil!—The Home Front!—Nazis Attack Cathedral Cities! Etc., etc.

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DO THIS NOW! Fill in Order-Label. Mark Edition required and post with P.O. for the amount to: ODHAMS PRESS LTD., "BRITISH PEOPLE AT WAR," BOOK DEPT., J.2.2, KINGS LANGLEY, HERTS. Make P.O. payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./. Offer applies only in Gt. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire, If from N. Ireland or Eire, country MUST be stated on the Label.

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B.W.

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FINAL OFFER of DOUBLED PRIZES

£200 RUNNERS-UP SHARE AWARDS VALUE £25 X-WORD DOUBLE 1ST DON'T BE TOO LATE!

Xword No. 317 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.					3d	3d	3d
1 PARENTS ENJOY SEEING THEIR CHILDREN MOVE IN THIS FASHION				R	I S K			
2 IT'S SHOCKING WHEN HONEST MAN GETS TIME FOR STEALING	K	I		K				
3 DOCTORS OFTEN GET ONE		S		M	P L E			
4 MANY PEOPLE ARE A LITTLE CONTEMPTUOUS OF ANY WHO DO THIS				R	A W L			
5 POACHER MAY HAVE TO RELY ON THIS FOR CATCH		T		C	K L E			
6 CLOSES CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF CORRESPONDENCE	W	A						
7 THE NAZIS ARE DISTINGUISHED BY THEIR				R	E E D			
8 MANY A ONE COMES TUMBLING DOWN AFTER A STORM		S		A	T E			
9 SUCH A THING MAY LEAD TO PREMATURE COLLAPSE	S	A						
10 SUCH SPEAKERS ARE NOT LIKELY TO BE RESPECTED BY SENSIBLE AUDIENCE		T		M	I D			
11 FLOW OF LANGUAGE FROM INFURIATED WOMAN SOMETIMES RESEMBLES		S		R	E A M			
12 TURNS ON A WORM		S		R	E W			
13 WET SUMMER MEANS FARMER MUST SPEND MORE TIME DOING THIS	T	E		D	I N G			
14 WAY THIS OPERATES CORRECTLY DEPENDS ON SIGNALS				R	A I N			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated April 17.

P.O. Value ..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, APRIL 5.

Signed .....

Address .....

321

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bullet-in charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated April 24, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

INCREASED BULLETS CASH and CAKES!

£250 DOUBLED 1ST PRIZE £100 25 BIG 4lb. FRUIT CAKES

OTHER AWARDS £20 · £10 · £5

£4 £3 £2 10/- 5/- 4/- 3/- 2/- TO 100 MORE WARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES" TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, April 16.

SHOCK FOR THE NAZIS
CASABLANCA PROGRAMME
IT'S A GIANT'S TASK, BUT
IN PROGRESS
FROM THE BATTLEFIELDS
GRATEFUL COUNTRY
THIRSTING FOR VICTORY
BEFORE OUR EYES
PRECIOUS LIVES
FRIEND IN NEED
IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS

BULLETS 1,365 RESULT appears on page 14.

ONE AFTER ANOTHER
THERE'LL BE TROUBLE IF
COMMON JUSTICE
ALL OVER THE SHOP
MAKES US PROUD
IN THE MONEY
STRUCK THE RIGHT NOTE
CARRYING ON
SPRING IS HERE, SO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

THE BIGGEST .....
WHEN A MAN .....
PROVIDED WE .....
TRYING TO .....
WORST OF .....
TOO HOT FOR.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated April 17.

P.O. Value.....
No. ..... Closing Postmark 1,366 Monday, April 5.

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,366—or Xword No. 321, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

THE STUFF TO GIVE THE TROOPS!

In fact, it's the stuff to give everybody who needs energy — quickly. Mars (as the chart shows) is richer in energy than many staple foods. Made with chocolate to sustain, glucose to energise, separated milk to nourish — these chunky candy bars are simply packed with grand-tasting goodness. Make the most of their delicious satisfaction — by cutting each bar into slices.

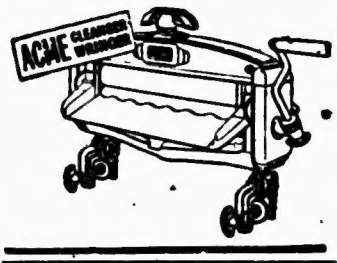
COMPARE THE ENERGY VALUES!

FOOD	CALORIES (for energy)
1 glass of Milk	169
1 Egg	70
1 slice of Bread	100
1 Lamb Chop	178
1 MARS	**213**

Can that be the Rectory?

It's more like a laundry. And, of course, it is. You can't accommodate twenty small evacuees without telling the world it's

washing day... And they've only one Acme at the Rectory—and no chance of buying another till after the war. But that's what's happening to Acmes all over the country—they're standing up to mountains of extra war-work but never complaining...



I LOVE POWDERED MILK THIS WAY!

PUT TWO level teaspoonfuls of powdered milk in a cup. Add a teaspoonful of sugar and one of Bournville Cocoa. Mix to a thick paste with *a very little* boiling water and then fill up, stirring continuously. Result — a perfect breakfast drink, mid-morning pick-me-up, or night-cap — as delicious as it is nourishing, and economical too!

LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE COCOA

FIVEPENCE A QUARTER

BEARDS IN FULL FLIGHT!

FROM

Palmolive Shaving Cream

Its rich, olive-oil lather gives the double luxury of a smooth shave and a soothed and comforted skin. Softening the beard in one minute, its strong bubbles — which last at least 10 minutes — keep bristles erect for the razor.

PRICES 1/6 & 2/6
Including Tax

2. *Softens the beard in one minute.* Your whiskers are naturally oil coated. Palmolive removes that oil instantly. Turns wiry hair soft in 60 seconds.
3. *Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.* Lather never dries on the face. Beard stays soft.
4. *Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.* Hold *each* hair upright so that the razor *can't* glide over rough patches.
5. *Fine after effects due to olive-oil* an after-shave refreshing.

the luxury of ich, generous, ly possible in Palmolive's 's why you shave with ves your —with a f after.

250 rush ves

upright to ol've-oil an after-shave

ARE YOUR TEETH "UNDER A CLOUD"?

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. If you feel a filmy coating, change to Pepsodent to-day and see how quickly Irium—the super-cleanser used in Pepsodent — flushes film away, polishes teeth shiny-smooth. Pepsodent will make your teeth make your smile a ray of sunshine.

7¼d., 1/3, 2/3 *Inc. Tax*

TAKE OLD TUBES BACK TO THE SHOP

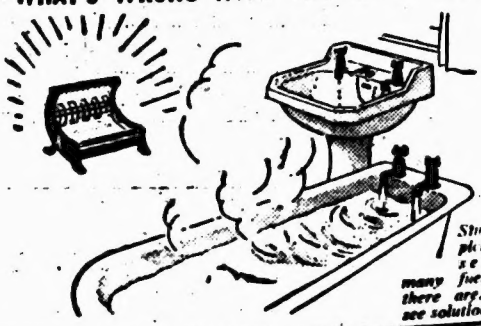
FUEL COMMUNIQUE

THE BATTLE FOR FUEL

FUEL PROFICIENCY TEST

In the services recruits have to pass proficiency tests and Battle for Fuel fighters should now test their own progress in this way. Try this simple test.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS BATHROOM?



Study this picture and see how many fuel errors there are. Then see solution below.

YOUR ANSWERS SHOULD HAVE BEEN:

1 Taps should not drip
2 No fire is necessary
3 There should be more than 5 inches of water in the bath
4 A bathroom is a room economics is in force in your home.
Make sure that every one of these bath-

Advice on how to burn coke in the open grate can be obtained from Public Relations Branch, Ministry of Fuel & Power, Dane Stanley St., S.W.1.

NO ECONOMY IS TOO SMALL TO COUNT

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